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JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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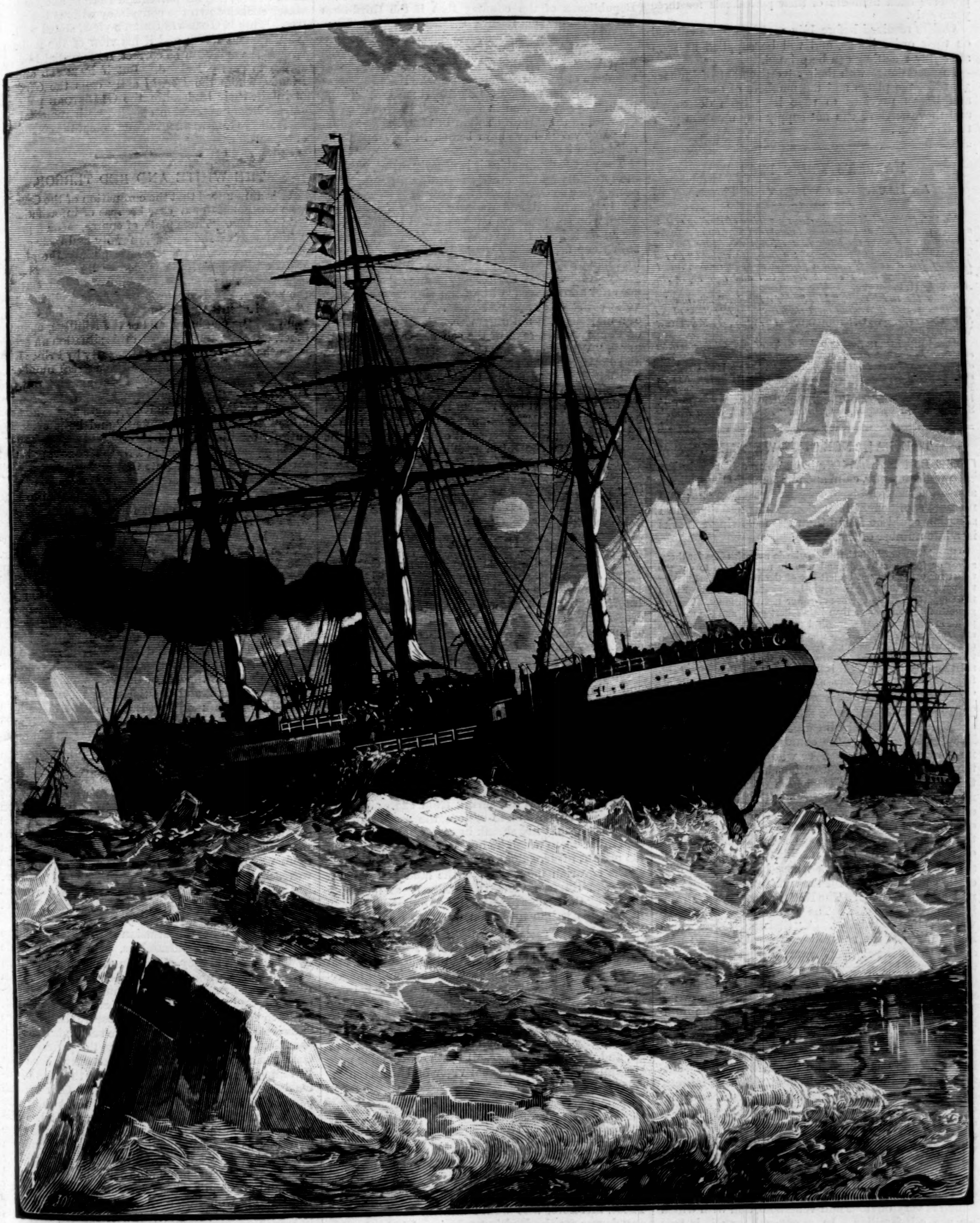


CAUGHT IN THE ICE-FIELDS OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 340.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, June 3, 1882.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VOLUMES OF
HARPER'S WEEKLY, HARPER'S BAZAR, AND HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers beg leave to state that all orders for the back numbers of Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar, and Harper's Magazine, previous to January, 1878, should be sent in before July 1, 1882. After that date it is their intention to preserve back numbers of their periodicals for three years only.

Orders received before July 1, 1882, will be entered on their order books, and will be supplied as soon after July 1 as they can be printed.

In accordance with their advertisement of January 31, 1880, the plates and the numbers of the Weekly and Bazar previous to 1870 have been destroyed, and they therefore can not supply any numbers prior to that time.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

No. 135, *published May* 30, *contains a variety of reading matter adapted to little folk, and an unusual number of bright and attactive illustrations. Among the latter is a spirited front-page by* Mr. Thomas Nast, *called "Bow-wow"; a full-page, entitled "In the Halls of His Ancestors"; and a piquant wood-engraving, called "What Happened When Dinah Went Out and Left Topsy All Alone," by* H. P. Shave.

Besides the serial story, "Mr. Stubbs's Brother," this number contains two very interesting short stories—"The Big Blast at the Stone Quarry," by W. O. Stoddard, *and "Popsey," by* Matthew White, Jun.

Mrs. John Lillie *continues her series of entertaining articles on Music in a sketch entitled "Handel and 'The Messiah.'" Under the title of "My First Kangaroo Hunt,"* Mrs. J. C. Gifford *relates some of her hunting experiences in Australia.* Mr. Allan Forman *contributes a practical article on "Photography and Work." Decoration-Day is remembered by* Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster *in a beautiful poem, entitled "The Little Green Beds."*

THE BALANCE-OF-POWER MEN.

The Boston *Advertiser* is a strong and steady Republican paper, calm and temperate in tone, which supported the third-term scheme two years ago; and no more significant illustration of the present political situation could be found than the following remarks in a late number of that paper:

> "Republicans of high character, who do not ask office for themselves or for their friends, and who do not hesitate to cut the ticket for cause, can not be left out of the account in estimating the party strength. The party will be in authority no longer than the support of these balance-of-power men continues. The organization is no stronger than its weakest point, and the weakest point, in the eyes of the practical politicians, is occupied by the staid, observant, decided men who do more on election-day than ask at what hour the polls are open, and which is the Republican ticket. In Massachusetts, in every State, the abstract-politics element must be regarded. It is growing. It has the right of suffrage. It can read character as well as read the ticket. If necessary, it can bolt."

This quiet statement is the more striking because it is substantially echoed by the great multitude of leading Republican papers in the country. Indeed, there is no shrewd political observer who is not aware that the balance-of-power men will decide the elections of this year. We speak elsewhere of the formidable movement in Pennsylvania. But that is only a sign of the times. In New York the situation is equally obscure, and the only clear point everywhere is that the balance-of-power men are more numerous than ever before. The old "machine" in this State is shivered. The politicians whose harmonious co-operation made it powerful three or four years ago are now angrily divided. The National and State Administrations are hostile. The feud among the "Stalwarts" is intensely bitter. A "Stalwart" organ which long supported the re-election of Mr. Conkling now asserts that "the ex-Senator was willing to go beyond the limits of his vaunted integrity, and resort to questionable means to regain his old place," and the remark forces Mr. Conkling, "although well known to be averse," etc., to declare that it is one of the numberless and cruel falsehoods that pursue him tirelessly.

Such a situation has naturally produced many apprehensive discourses in the papers upon "party allegiance" and "bolting" and "scratching" and "cutting." It is affirmed that human nature is fallible, and that government in a free country can be carried on only by means of party. A man, therefore, it is argued, selects his party, not because its policy or its representatives are perfect, but because, upon the whole, they are more satisfactory to him than those of any other party, consequently he will sustain his party action until he comes to prefer the policy and candidates of the other party. This is the argument, which is very obvious and venerable, and with which we are all familiar. In a general way it is true enough. But in this form it is both sophistical and evasive. For instance, a party, when no great issue absorbs every other question, often holds wrong views, or no views at all, upon a subject which is of paramount interest to many of its members. For such members to support their party in such a situation is to do violence to their convictions. But the situation may be such that defeat of the party at a particular local election may stimulate a course which will give victory at a general election. Of this there is the familiar illustration in New York in 1879. A body of 30,000 Republicans "cut" certain Republican candidates, and, except for its Tammany contingent, the machine would have been broken. That vote was a warning to the machine to beware in the Presidential nomination of the next year. The machine, of course, sneered, packed its caucuses and State Convention, and tried to bully the party into a nomination. But the action of 1879 had plainly notified the Republicans of the country that if the third-term scheme should be ratified at Chicago, New York would be a dangerously doubtful State, and that consideration was one of the powerful elements in the final decision. In this case the wiser and more loyal members of the party were those who risked its local defeat in order to secure its general success. If the balance-of-power men in New York had quietly acquiesced in the machine action in 1879, the Republican party would have been beaten in 1880 upon the third-term issue.

The party argument, as it is usually urged, was formerly pithily and accurately stated by a Democrat in saying that he would vote for the devil if he were regularly nominated, and recently by Mr. Simon Cameron, who is reported to have said that he would vote for an ox if he were the nominee. The argument of both these declarations would be the same, namely, that in a party the only practical way is to let the majority decide. But the trouble is that the machine does not allow a free voice of the majority. It buys votes with money and patronage. There is the form of a majority, but nothing more. As Mr. Marshall, of Pennsylvania, says of the son of Mr. Simon Cameron, "Why should Don Cameron sit in Washington and dictate who shall be our Congressmen, judges, and legislators?" A machine is no fonder of an honest majority than it is of reform. Indeed, it hates reform for the very reason that reform is the guarantee of an honest majority. The balance-of-power men are bent upon restoring the government of the country to the people, and the control of parties to their members. "They can bolt," says the Boston *Advertiser*. That means that to save a party which is generally right they will beat it when it is wrong. "It is not a riot, your Majesty, it is a revolution."

IRELAND.

The Irish question is still engrossing. Goldwin Smith, whose little volume upon Ireland published some years ago, and lecture upon Pitt in the *Three English Statesmen*, show a clear apprehension of the causes of Irish discontent, and are full of a generous sympathy, has recently advocated both in the London *Times* and the *Contemporary Review* a severe policy of repression. Goldwin Smith is much too accomplished a student of history and clear thinker and able writer to be either an unimportant antagonist or ally. He holds that the actual situation in Ireland is political rather than agrarian. The real object of the agitation is the overthrow of the government, and the dissolution of the empire so far as Ireland is concerned. It is not hostility to a particular law or ministry, but to the British connection. Consequently the situation is one of rebellion, and the Government should not shrink from exercising any extraordinary powers to restore the ascendency of law, as it would not shrink in case of an actual foreign invasion, to which he holds the American part of the present insurrection to be closely akin.

The agrarian movement, or the land agitation, in Goldwin Smith's view, is constantly and craftily turned by the leaders to this political object, and therefore, in his judgment, action ought to be prompt as well as resolute. His survey of Irish history leads him to the conclusion that the country is being gradually lifted to the level of England and Scotland, and accustomed to self-government. But it is still in certain districts virtually savage, and from time to time, under the pressure of famine or demagogic appeal, the anarchical tendency breaks loose, and force must be used to restore the country to the path of law. When the anarchy breaks out, it must be repressed first of all, and when that is done, all that is reasonable may be granted. With his usual vigor and incisiveness, Goldwin Smith says:

> "Force, it has been said, is no remedy. It is no remedy for defects in laws or institutions, but it is the only remedy for anarchy and rebellion. Force used for the purpose of usurpation or despotic rule has nothing in common with force used in an emergency by a free commonwealth to compel submission to law. Submission to law as it exists, coupled with full power of discussion and of voting for amendment, is the perfect estate of freemen, and the only mode in which progress can be combined with order."

Those, therefore, who would wink at lawlessness in any degree are the deadliest enemies of Ireland.

Goldwin Smith's article was written before the assassination, and he says that coercion has failed only because it has been incomplete. Jury trial has utterly broken down, and he suggests that there should have been suspension of trial by jury in agrarian cases, and the institution of a trustworthy court. The repression of the journalism of murder should have been general. The safety-valve of political discussion should remain perfectly open. But incitement to robbery and murder is robbery and murder, and ought to be put down. He denies that Ireland ought to be chartered in perpetual anarchy because formerly she was misgoverned. For the last fifty years he holds that Ireland has not been oppressed, but especially considered and indulged. Her historic woes are fast becoming the capital of political sharpers, and Liberals are to remember that they are dealing, not with a nation, but with a conspiracy. The mass of the Irish are slaves and victims, and the blow which strikes down the conspiracy will set the people free. This is Goldwin Smith's view, stated with all his trenchant force; and if his view of the real purpose of the agitation be correct, no remedial law will suffice to pacify Ireland. But if Parnell and his friends, whom the *Herald* aptly calls the *Gironde*, maintain their leadership, the Gladstone policy of extraordinary repression coupled with remedial law will satisfy Goldwin Smith, and defeat the conspiracy of separation.

THE WHITE AND RED TERROR.

It is announced that the coronation of the Czar has been postponed for a year because of information of Nihilist plots. These plots, of course, mean a project of massacre of the imperial family and their guests, and nothing could reveal more plainly the gloomy situation in Russia. That gloom is the characteristic aspect of Russian affairs. A kind of night rests upon the empire. Nobody feels that he is well informed of actual events, and a mutual terror of the Government, on the one hand, and of the Nihilists, upon the other, envelops the land. In this situation an article upon the Russian revolutionary party by Prince Kropotkin, one of that party, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, is of singular interest and importance. The author was himself "for several years a public official, naïvely believing in the good intentions of his Government," and he is evidently entirely familiar with the subject.

The general statement of Prince Kropotkin is that the despotism is so absolute that no legal and normal protest, remonstrance, argument, or movement of modification or reform is practicable. From 1861 to 1870, every form of lawful effort for relief was tried, and was utterly abortive. From the moment that Alexander II. surrendered wholly to the reactionary party, the country has been mined with secret societies. The press is gagged. There is no public opinion. The system of education is designed to perpetuate and deepen ignorance, and the mass of the people long lay inert under the suffocating weight of despotic supremacy. The reform movement began by the attempt to fuse the intelligent leaders and the indifferent multitude, and this work was done, the Prince says, with a heroic self-sacrifice unparalleled in history. During all this time the life of the Czar was as secure as that of any man, and the Socialists themselves prevented attempts upon it. But to maintain its hold upon the Emperor the reactionary party kept him in constant alarm, and the reaction harassed the opposition with incessant prosecutions and punishments. Every act and word of the popular party was distorted and maligned. The noted case of Vera Zassoulitch was simply that of a woman who fired at the chief of the St. Petersburg police in order that, upon her trial, the infamies of the treatment of prisoners might be revealed. She said that she was glad he was not killed, as she did not desire his death, but there was no other way to unveil the system. She was acquitted, says the Prince, by public opinion. But she would have been seized by the Government at the very door of the court if the people had not rescued her.

Since that time the Russian revolutionists have taken to defending themselves. No man was safe against spies, and they said: "In other countries men have courage enough to defend themselves. An Englishman or American would not permit such proceedings, and why should we? Let us have, at least, as much courage as this. Of course we shall sacrifice ourselves; but we will try to make such misdeeds impossible." Yet until 1879, he says, the person of the Czar remained inviolable. It was only when the "White Terror" was established that the idea of attacking absolutism in the person of the Czar became popular in the revolutionary party. But the party is not a mere conspiracy for massacre. It has distinct and declared purposes, and the life of the Czar would be as secure to-morrow as that of any man in the world if he would consent to call an assembly freely elected by the people to revise the fundamental laws, and grant an amnesty for the past. What such an assembly would be, and whether a Russian Czar could consent to the overthrow of the imperial rule without assassination by the hand of the imperial party, are vital questions which the Prince does not consider. But his paper throws a lurid light upon the appalling situation in Russia, while the postponement of the Czar's coronation shows that the Black and Red terror is as definitely established as the White.

REPUBLICANISM AND CAMERONISM.

The most significant political event of the hour is the Pennsylvania Independent Republican Convention. The Republican party is especially the party of American intelligence and progress. Its principles are broader and its traditions more ennobling than those of any other political party in our history. It is its old and just boast that it is the party of the church and the common school, of equal rights and of honest industry. Under its auspices the Union has been freed from its weakness and shame, and bids fair to justify the hope and faith from which it sprang. It would be surprising if such a party should be unable to correct abuses which have arisen during its long dominance, and if all its conscience and courage should end in servility to an ignoble oligarchy.

The Pennsylvania movement is a sign of the undiminished vigor and sound health of the party. A great abuse which virtually transforms the party into a body of henchmen registering and enforcing the will of a chieftain strong not in himself, but in an evil system, has become plainly intolerable to a multitude of the strongest and most patriotic Republicans in the State. They have organized in every county, and by delegates honestly elected they have met in a resolute, intelligent, and enthusiastic Convention, which has promulgated principles that hold the party to its legitimate course of progress, and has nominated candidates who fully represent the principles. Senator Mitchell, in his opening remarks, amid universal acclamation, gave no uncertain sound. Strongly and temperately he stated the natural Republican position, and said that the time demanded specific action, and not declarations merely. Mr. Foster, the permanent President, followed in the same strain, and there was no mistaking the temper of the Convention.

The Independent Republicans of Pennsylvania propose reform within the party. The Republican voters of the State are called upon to decide between the Republican ticket nominated by the will of Mr. Cameron at Harrisburg and that nominated by the free choice of Republicans at Philadelphia. In point of character, ability, public service, and Republican fidelity the Philadelphia ticket is certainly not inferior to the Harrisburg. Its success would maintain Republican ascendency and assure its continuance. It would show the party to be true to its fundamental principle of freedom and progress. It would show, as its history for twenty years has proved, that it has the perception, the conviction, and the courage to take the right side of every great public question when it has reached the point of practical action.

THE WESTBROOK INVESTIGATION.

The statements about the extraordinary conduct of Judge Westbrook which were made by the *Times* some weeks ago prove not to have been "a newspaper sensation," as was alleged, but to be founded in facts which are set forth in the evidence before the investigating committees of the Legislature. The committee of the Assembly reports in very temperate language that the system of receiverships for insolvent corporations is a system of plunder, which is made possible by judicial action, and in the cases which the committee especially examined it finds Judge Westbrook to be the chief judicial agent. He appointed as receivers persons who were signally unfit, and made no effort to ascertain their qualifications, and he signed orders for the payment of money with equal carelessness, and in some instances when no benefit whatever could accrue to the fund.

This kind of negligence, if consonant with official integrity, is yet such a practical disregard of duty that, with due regard to the public welfare, it can not be condoned, and taken in connection with the results of the other examination of the transactions regarding the elevated railroads, places the judge in a position which would seem to require further action. He was apparently privately instructing litigants how to defeat actions pending in his own court, and his holding court in a litigant's office, and appointing receivers of a certain character and connection with litigants, and other similar conduct, throw grave suspicion upon an officer who should be absolutely beyond it.

There is no question that public confidence in such a magistrate is destroyed until the cloud is lifted, and that the action of the *Times* and of Mr. Roosevelt in the Assembly was a public service worthy of high commendation.

THE BEGINNINGS OF PROVIDENCE.

A very interesting and valuable contribution to local annals and to general history is the last number of the "Rhode Island Historical Tracts," which is well and carefully entitled, "*The Planting and Growth of Providence*, illustrated in the Gradual Accumulation of the Materials for Domestic Comfort, the Means of Internal Communication, and the Development of Local Industries. By Henry C. Dorr.' It is a work of some two hundred and fifty pages, in paper neatly and handsomely printed in small quarto form, and it is the fifteenth issue of the excellent series which Mr. Sidney S. Rider, of Providence, has been publishing for some time, and to which the publisher himself has been a valuable contributor.

Mr. Dorr is a Rhode-Islander who has lived in New York for many years, and who is singularly fitted by his habits of careful research and by the interested study of a lifetime to prepare such a monograph. His work is not a compilation, but the result of original investigation of the kind of documents which appall all but the most devoted and skillful students, town records and the records of courts, and all recondite sources of information, in which, however, the information, like the kernel in a chestnut burr, is very sweet and well worth the toil.

The work presents a vivid picture of the growth, from the very beginning, of one of the most interesting of the New England communities, in which also the sweet kernel of liberty that lay within the burr of Puritanism was first fully tasted and tested. The smallest of States has the largest of principles for its birthright, and the American who looks back to the settlement of Roger Williams as his native place is not less fortunate than he who claims descent from Plymouth Rock. Every Rhode-Islander will find a peculiar interest in the work of Mr. Dorr, and every student of American history will find in it fresh and illustrative details, sketched at times with a touch of dry humor which does not make the narrative less racy.

MR. FORSTER AND MR. GLADSTONE.

That Mr. Forster, the late Chief Secretary for Ireland, has left the cabinet without any personal difference with his chief is shown by the words in which he alluded to him when making his explanation to the House of Commons. Neither does he break with the Liberal party. He said:

> "Most assuredly I remain a faithful soldier in the cause, and it is painful to leave colleagues and intimate friends at a time of difficulty; and, above all, it is more painful than I can find words to express to leave the service of my right honorable friend the Prime Minister, than whom there never was a chief who has won more the affections, the loyalty, the respect, and reverence of every one with whom he acts."

This shows how honorable members of a party may radically differ and act without disloyalty to the principles of their party. Mr. Forster honestly thinks that Mr. Gladstone's policy betrays the objects which the party ought to pursue. He therefore discriminates between that policy and the party principles, adhering to the latter, and opposing the former without the least personal breach.

THE LATEST REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Independent Republican platform in Pennsylvania is a very positive document. It declares the strongest fidelity to Republican principles, and includes the four rules regulating party elections and conventions which were adopted by the conference of Cameronians and Independents, and which were slyly altered by the Cameron Convention.

The two important planks of the platform are these:

> "*Third.*—We denounce the system which makes 'patronage' and 'spoils' out of the public offices; we denounce the practice of giving them to political managers for use in advancing personal political ends; we denounce the removal of faithful and competent officers in the absence of a public reason; we denounce the practice of levying assessments and demanding contributions for party use from public officials; we denounce severally and collectively the evils and corruptions which accompany the conduct of the government as a 'spoils system,' and which are inseparable from such a method of administration, and we denounce the system of 'boss rule' and 'machine control,' which, when tamely endured, makes leaders into autocrats, and reduces the mass of citizenship into political bondage.
>
> "*Fourth.*—We declare our purpose to take up the work which fell when Garfield fell; we demand, in place of the 'spoils system,' the reformation of the civil service by law, so that the appointive places therein may be freely opened to all fit and industrious citizens, and removals therefrom shall be only for good and sufficient public causes; we demand, instead of the prostitution of the public service to private uses, its recognition as a high and honorable trust, to be administered for the people's benefit with efficiency, economy, and integrity; we demand, instead of the insolence, the proscription, and the tyranny of 'bossism' and 'machine' rule, the free and conscientious exercise of private judgment in political affairs, and the faithful discharge by those who assume representative trust of the expressed will of the people."

This is in a different key from the declarations of platforms which are intended to sound well and to say nothing.

HONORABLE AMERICAN WORK.

The third annual report of the Archæological Institute of America sets forth with admirable force and eloquence the reasons for the work which the Institute proposes, as well as the results of the year's research, both in America and in the Old World. Mr. Bandelier, who is especially accomplished for the purpose, has been busy in Mexico in accord with the Lorillard expedition, and his report of explorations at the city of Cholula will soon be issued by the Institute.

The report of the Institute describes the Bandelier report as of great value and interest in regard to the life, art, religion, habits, origin, and character of the people. Mr. Bandelier has now resumed in New Mexico the study of the Pueblo Indians, and his explorations will undoubtedly result in positive acquisitions of important knowledge. In Yucatan, Mr. Aymé, United States consul at Merida, has undertaken explorations under a contract with Mr. Agassiz, who, with Mr. Stephen Salisbury, Jun., are a special committee of the Institute.

At Assos, in Greece, the report states that the expedition of the Institute in charge of Mr. Clarke and Mr. Bacon has accomplished a work of great archæological interest and importance, by which the knowledge of Greek art and antiquity is substantially increased, and which is most highly creditable to the gentlemen in charge. The main achievement of the year is "the complete recovery and exact delineation of the plan, elevation, and adornment of the ancient and famous temple of Assos, which has so long offered problems of special interest to the students of Greek architecture and sculpture." The report of the explorers will be the first of the classical series of the papers of the Institute. These works are of great importance, and confer distinctive lustre upon American scholarship and enterprise. They are prosecuted with careful economy, but that at Assos requires not less than $3500 for its proper completion, for which the Institute must rely upon the friends of its objects. The annual fees of membership are $10, but contributions will be very welcome. The treasurer is Mr. Henry L. Higginson, of Boston.

PERSONAL.

No finer tribute has been rendered to Emerson's memory than William Sharp's beautiful poem entitled "Sleepy Hollow," published in the London *Academy*. This young English poet, a friend of the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti, is the author of a volume of poems just published in London, entitled "The Human Inheritance," which has won the unstinted praise of critics and of his brother poets.

—Joseph W. Coburn, who laid the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, and built what is said to have been the first railroad in this country—the wooden one from a granite quarry in Quincy, Massachusetts, to tide-water—is still living in Boston.

—Chief-Engineer Melville, who is still searching for the missing boat and party of the *Jeannette* under command of Lieutenant Chipp, is a man of striking appearance. He is a New-Yorker, and his family was well known among the old Knickerbockers. Of large and powerful frame, he is of light complexion, and has bright, piercing blue eyes. He is supple, and a skilled athlete. When he returned from the arctic in the *Tigress*, in November, 1873, he visited the engineer's office in the Navy-yard, and when met by his brother officers the natural question was asked, "Well, George, how do you feel?" He answered, "As bright as a new uniform, and I never felt better," and to prove his assertion turned a hand-spring without the least difficulty. When serving his time in the machine shop, he could do more work in the same time than any other man, and when passing through the shop, if he met an obstruction no higher than his shoulders, he would spend no time in going around it, but would jump over it with the greatest ease.

—Canon Farrar, who preached in Westminster Abbey a sermon on Darwin, took this appropriate text: "And he spake of trees, from the cedar that is in Lebanon even unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall; he spake also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things, and of fishes."

—The late ex-Governor C. C. Washburn, of Wisconsin, who left an estate valued at $2,500,000, bequeathed $375,000 for a memorial orphan asylum at Minneapolis as a tribute to his mother, and $50,000 for a public library at La Crosse.

—Mr. S. G. McCutcheon's illustrations of a creamery, printed in the last number of the Weekly, were inadvertently credited to Mr. Howard Pyle.

—The Charlotte Cushman cottage at Newport has been rented for three months for $5000, which is not regarded as extravagant in Newport, the lessee having the enjoyment of the fine works of art that were left by Miss Cushman. In this house have lived since her death the children she named and loved as her own, and here, too, lives yet the faithful Sallie, the colored woman who was Charlotte Cushman's trusted maid from almost her girlhood. In Miss Cushman's will she left this house to her nephew, with the provision that her two best friends, Miss Emma Stebbins and Sallie the maid, should always have a home under its roof. Miss Stebbins lives abroad, but Sallie, with that content upon her such as a well-to-do aged colored woman invariably looks to feel, still serves in the home her mistress built that she might have a place all her own in which to die. It is always a pleasant thought that Charlotte Cushman's memory is kept green and tenderly fostered by those whom she loved best.

—Since Waldo Story, eldest son of the sculptor, left Oxford, five years ago, he has been studying and working with great success in Italy, and has just sent two of his works to the London exhibition. One of these, "Paris and Helen," is described as being a singularly pure specimen of classic art.

—Mr. Frei, who has just been appointed Minister from Switzerland to the United States, will be all the more welcome from the fact that he came to this country in 1860, and on the breaking out of the rebellion enlisted as a private in the Twenty-fourth Illinois infantry, and was soon advanced to the rank of major. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Gettysburg, and suffered great hardship at the Salisbury and Libby prisons, being held in the latter place until January 14, 1865, as hostage for the Confederate Captain Gordon, who, being condemned to death, was awaiting his fate in a Northern prison. At the close of the war he returned to Switzerland, and was at once called to assume the duties of Secretary of State of his canton. The following year he was elected executive officer of the canton, and at the expiration of his term of office was called successively to assume the duties of Secretary of the Interior, Chief of the Educational, and finally of the Military Department. He was continuously called on to serve his canton in the Swiss Congress as Senator or Representative, of which latter body he was presiding officer, or Speaker, during the year 1876. Minister Frei is an active journalist, having connected himself in 1872 with the well-known Swiss journal, *Die Basler Nachrichten*, of which he is one of the proprietors, and to whose editorial columns up to the present he has been a regular contributor. In politics he is well known as a champion of progressive democracy.

—The semi-centennial anniversary of the Alpha Delta Phi was held in this city on the 18th of May, and there was a great "feast of reason and slaw of fowl" in the evening at Delmonico's. A great many bright and conspicuous folk were present to grace the occasion. Mr. Joseph H. Choate, who is always felicitous at such times, explained to the reporters present the three essentials of membership in the society, which are: "First, a clear head; second, a sound heart; third, a faithful stomach. Your hearts are all in the right place—because you are all here; and your heads are full, I know, not from anything which has happened here, but because you sat three mortal hours in the Academy of Music, and listened to five men selected for their wisdom from the greatest catalogue that ever was. The third quality I know you have, because I have seen your countenances expand with your waistbands. I should have felt more honored if a different reason had been assigned for my being called on to preside to-night—which was because I am one of the few men who were at the twenty-fifth anniversary dinner, and have come down from a former generation." Mr. Choate concluded by stating, what every intelligent American now admits, that "there was no literature before the Alpha Delta Phi; some people say it is merely a coincidence of time, but we know better." When Mr. George William Curtis was called upon to respond for "The Press," he said that when a small boy at a small school, seeking to emulate the example of larger fellows, he and his mates organized a four-letter Greek society, its English equivalent being "The Great Slam Bang." The initiation consisted of turning around three times blindfolded and reaching for a glass of water, and their debauchery consisted of eating molasses gingerbread at the awful hour of midnight.

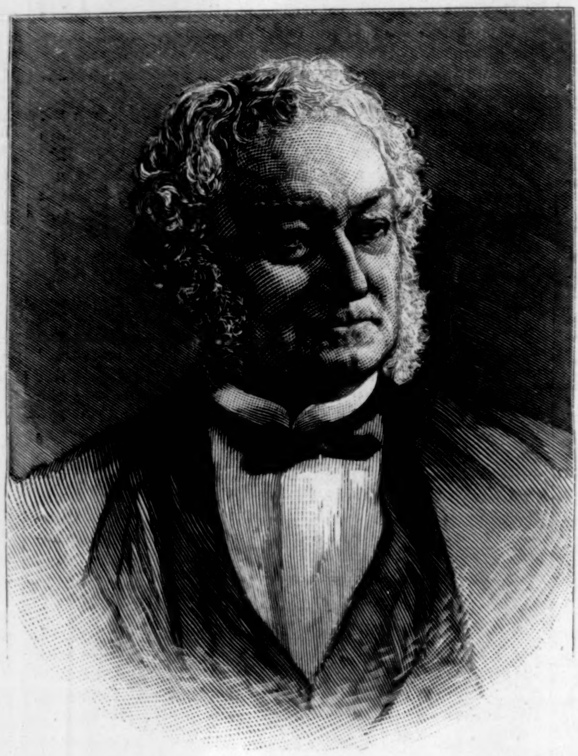
MOSES TAYLOR.

Mr. Moses Taylor, whose busy and successful career is at length brought to a close by the hand of death, was a man with a remarkable history. Born in 1806 at the corner of Broadway and Morris Street, in this city, when the business centre was Wall Street, and the limit of population Canal Street, he went to school until he was fifteen; then he entered the counting-room of G. G. & S. Howland (now Howland & Aspinwall) as a clerk. His motto was, "to be always ahead at his work," and this he thoroughly succeeded in doing. His intelligence and industry soon attracted the attention of his employers, who rapidly promoted him to more important positions. In each successive department he made himself master of all its details. As he advanced he was allowed to make small ventures on his own account, and he soon provided himself with the capital which enabled him, in 1832, to begin business on his own account.

He had saved from his small salary, and accumulated from his speculations, $15,000 during his eleven years' service as a clerk, and had gained a thorough knowledge of the business he embarked in. To experience and self-earned capital he added great self-reliance, energy, and a good character, which placed within his reach ample credit. This he kept good by never using it. He put up his first sign at 55 South Street, but soon moved to 44 South Street, which during fifty years was his place of business. He formed a deep attachment for this part of South Street. It was the scene of his struggles, vicissitudes, and success.

His way was not all smooth, for at the very outset he met with discouragements. Just as he opened his office the cholera broke out, and no sooner had trade revived after the depression attending the plague, than the great fire of 1835 swept away his store, and left him nothing but his books. But he was superior to all adverse circumstances, and pushing on with his life-work, he amassed in time a colossal fortune, leaving at his death an estate valued at from forty to fifty millions of dollars. The bulk of his fortune was in personal property, but he owned between $3,000,000 and $4,000,000 worth of New York real estate. Not long ago Mr. Taylor gave an endowment of $250,000 in railroad bonds, amounting to about $270,000, for the construction and maintenance of a hospital at Scranton, Pennsylvania, for injured and disabled employés of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, and of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company. At the time of his death he was a director of the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company and the Western Union Telegraph Company, and also of the City Bank. He was a member of the Union Club, and one of the original incorporators of the Union League Club.

In 1832, when commencing business, he married Miss Catharine Wilson, and had five children, two sons and three daughters. The eldest son, Henry, is a partner in the business in South Street; the other, George, has been United States Consul at Cairo, Egypt. Mr. Taylor was a devout member of St. George's Episcopal Church.



THE LATE MOSES TAYLOR.—Photographed by Fredricks.

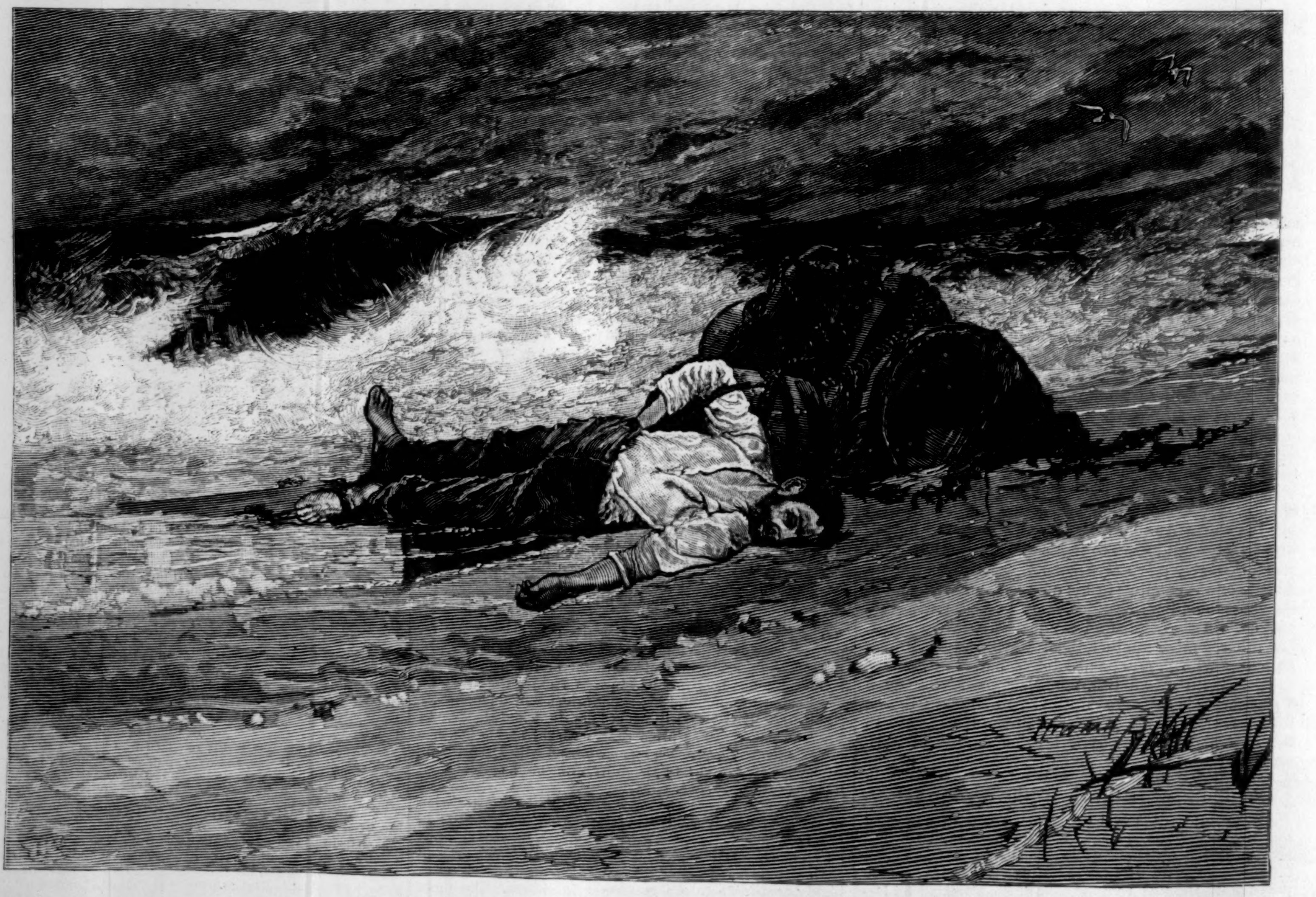
AN ICE-BOUND GULF.

The natural gateway of the Gulf of St. Lawrence for all outward and inward bound vessels, whether European or coastwise, lies between Cape Breton and Newfoundland, a broad passageway of at least fifty-five miles. At all seasons of the year there is more or less danger in this region; but, curious as it may appear to those familiar with better-behaved seas, it is not in winter, in the natural season of storms and rough weather, that the danger is the greatest. It is in the latter half of April and the earlier part of May, when great masses of ice move down from arctic latitudes, and crowd about what the sailors call "the tail of the banks" of Newfoundland. For a number of years past this invasion of the straits has been later, more protracted, and more violent than formerly, but it has always made the late spring a more dreaded season than midwinter. The world has not heard so much of these perils when they have been visited upon freight vessels, as for the most part they have been, but this year a number of passenger steamers have been caught, and the knowledge of hundreds of lives in danger has aroused the public attention. The ice which runs down with a northeasterly wind is in all shapes. Sometimes it is made up of vast fields, or "floes," of broken ice, from a few inches to several feet thick, sometimes of floes varied by icebergs of various dimensions, occasionally towering, according to the mariners' reports, a thousand feet into the air, and often rising at least two hundred feet. But appalling as are these tremendous moving mountains, they are not really as much to be feared as the thin wide cakes of ice rapidly swept before the swift wind, which, when they strike a wooden vessel's side, saw through it in a few moments. It was by this sharp ice that the *Vicksburg* was cut into and sunk, with a hundred souls on board, on the 1st of June, 1875. And an officer of the British Light-house Service reports that he has known a dozen vessels to sail out into the Gulf across clear and unruffled summer waters, and within twenty-four hours had learned that every one was a wreck, torn and cut asunder by this keen-edged weapon.

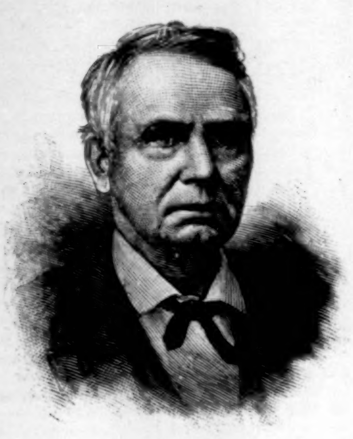
This year the ice has been heavier and stronger, packed closer, crowded with icebergs of unusual magnitude, and gathered in extraordinary fields. An observer from the north extremity of Cape Breton describes it as covering an area of a hundred square miles, and at times it has been very much greater than that. Its movements have been very capricious. Navigators who have been caught before when keeping to the south, have been caught this year when cautiously creeping to the north. The brigantine *Rescue*, trying this precaution, was suddenly surrounded and crushed like an egg-shell. The crew of seventy-two men had barely time to escape to the ice, where with great difficulty they made their way to a neighboring vessel that had been able to resist the crash.

The *Northern Light*, an "ice-steamer," built to cut, with armed sides and powerful engines, through at least six inches of solid ice, was taken under her keel by the low-sloping edge of an iceberg, and literally lifted out of the water. She lay, rolled, and pushed about, stranded if not beached, for three weeks, and then escaped only by good luck. The *Scotland*, a finely built steamer of some 2700 tons, was wedged in the ice on the 5th of May, with a large number of passengers on board. The crew and the passengers worked for nine days and nights cutting a channel, sometimes through twenty feet of ice, and finally freed her just as the provisions were giving out, and the horrors of starvation were coming painfully near. On the 1st of May the *Western Belle* was struck in the fog and darkness by a sharp projection of an ice-field, and went down in twenty minutes, carrying with her the captain, who refused to leave his ship unless he could bring with him some thirteen of his crew, who were desperately laboring to launch a boat. Such instances of heroism are not rare, and they shine in bright relief against occasional exhibitions of cowardice and cruel indifference. On the 17th of May the *Prussian*, a heavily laden and very strong steamer, struck an iceberg, and was saved from instant destruction by her bowsprit, an unusual feature for a steamer. This was driven far into her bow, but the steamer was not seriously injured.

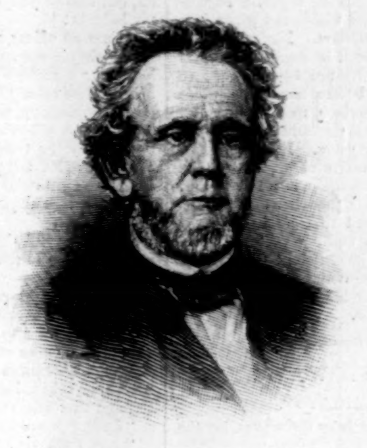
The greatest excitement prevailed in Montreal and all through the country when it was reported, on the 17th of May, by an incoming vessel, that the *Peruvian*, a steamer of the Allan Line, with over eleven hundred souls on board, had been spoken on the 12th, fast bound in the immense ice-field, with her propeller screw smashed, and unable to move. The extent of the peril, as it appeared to the owners, can be imagined from the vigorous steps that were immediately taken for the rescue of the *Peruvian*. Five vessels were sent out, one after the other, as rapidly as possible, to find and, if practicable, bring her in. The first, the *Progress*, dispatched the day the news reached Montreal, with some $20,000 worth of provisions, unfortunately took fire the same night, three of her crew being lost in the flames. In addition to the other vessels sent by the company, two British war steamers were ordered to join in the relief expedition, while telegraphic orders were sent to all points of the coast to provide food, clothing, and shelter for the *Peruvian's* company should they come ashore. On the 18th she was sighted off Meat Cove, Cape Breton, having drifted some seven miles with the pack, under the pressure of a strong northeast wind. Great fears were then felt that she would be thrown upon the steep rocks which form the coast at this point. But happily the ice-field was penetrated, and two of the rescuing vessels, with great trouble and no small risk, reached the beleaguered and helpless steamer, and at last towed her into clear water. The officers of the Allan Line, though profoundly gratified with the escape of this great number of imperiled lives, feel that the danger from the ice is not yet past.



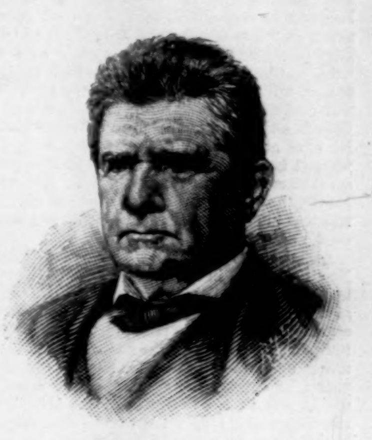
THE DEAD STOWAWAY.—Drawn by Howard Pyle.—[See Poem, Page 342.]



THE REV. ROBERT PAINE, D.D.
Elected 1846.



THE REV. GEORGE FOSTER PIERCE, D.D.
Elected 1854.

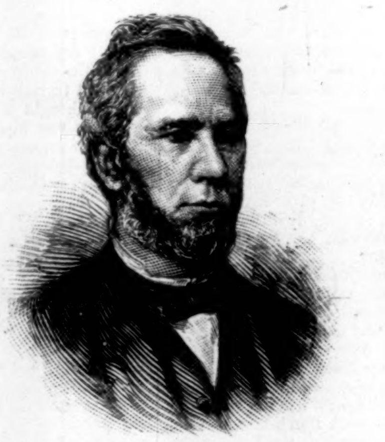


THE REV. HUBBARD HINDE KAVANAUGH, D.D.
Elected 1854.

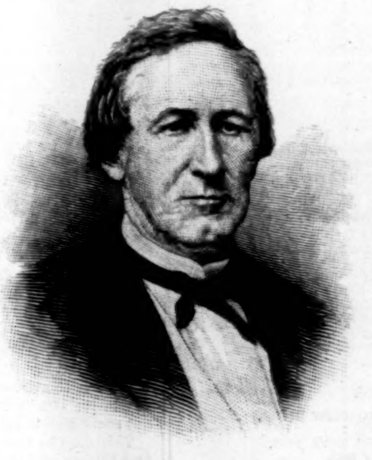
BISHOPS OF THE M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Thirteen Bishops have held this high office in the Methodist Episcopal Church South since its organization in 1845. At the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New York, May, 1844, when the Southern delegates refused to submit to the action of that body in regard to Bishop Andrew, and separated from the Church, Bishops Joshua Soule and James O. Andrew became Bishops of the Southern Church, and eleven Bishops have since been elected at the several General Conferences up to 1870, when Bishop Keener was elected. Of the thirteen, but five are now living of the College of Bishops.

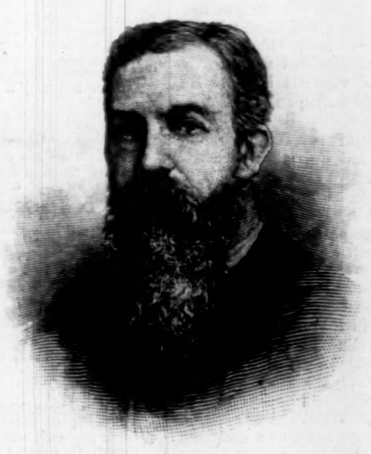
Bishop Robert Paine, D.D., the senior Bishop, is in his eighty-third year, and has been quite effective until within a year or two. He was born in North Carolina, November 12, 1799, but settled in his youth in Tennessee. In 1818 he was admitted into the Tennessee Conference, and soon took rank, filling prominent appointments until 1830, when he was elected President of La Grange College, Alabama. There he remained seventeen years, until the first General Conference of the new Church South, in 1846, when he was elevated to the episcopacy. He had been a member of the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church five times, until the separation in 1844, owing to the action against Bishop Andrew. He was chairman of the Committee of Nine, whose report forms a memorable chapter in Methodist history. He was a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, and at the first General Conference, in 1846, he was elected Bishop, and became the colleague of Bishops Soule and Andrew, formerly of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Bishop presides with much dignity, is prompt, firm, and genial. Until recently his health has been remarkable, enabling him to do full episcopal work in presiding at Annual and District Conferences. He now resides at Aberdeen, Mississippi. His *Life and Times of Bishop McKendree*, one of the earliest bishops, and colleague of Asbury, has proved a valuable contribution to Methodist history. He is now writing *Notes of his Life*, which will soon appear in book form. He is of medium height and sunny countenance.



THE REV. HOLLAND NIMMOUS McTYEIRE, D.D.
Elected 1866.



THE REV. JOHN CHRISTIAN KEENER, D.D.
Elected 1870.



THE REV. ALPHEUS WATERS WILSON, D.D.
Elected 1882.

Bishop George Foster Pierce, D.D., son of the late venerable and distinguished Dr. Lovick Pierce, is the next in seniority since the deaths of Bishops Soule, Capers, Bascom, Early, and Andrew. He was born in Greene County, Georgia, February 3, 1811, and resides near Sparta, in that State. He designed in his youth to enter the profession of law, but turned from his studies, and in his twentieth year was admitted into the Georgia Conference. Possessed of superior pulpit abilities, as well as scholarly attainments, he commanded prominence in South Carolina and Georgia. He was prominent in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1844, although a young man, in sustaining the Southern view of the question at issue. He was also a member of the Louisville Convention in 1845, and of the General Conference of the Church South in 1846. In 1848 he was elected President of Emory College, and held the position until 1854, when he was elevated to the episcopacy. He is still a royal preacher, but unable from throat trouble to preach often. Very refined and courtly in his manners, scholarly, and of aristocratic carriage; tall without being portly; gentlemanly in dress, with piercing eyes, and a benign countenance. The principal work from his pen is entitled *Incidents of Western Travel*. He has written much and well on education and Church topics for the Church press.

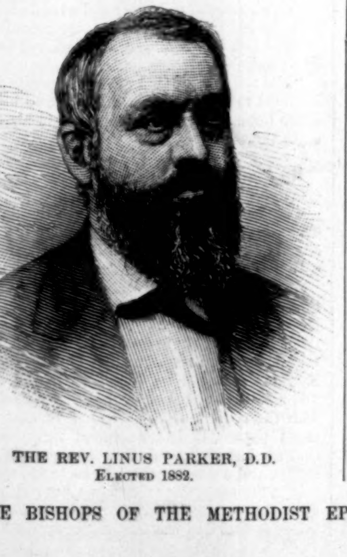
Bishop Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, D.D., was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1802, and in his boyhood received his first training as a printer. Converted in his sixteenth year, five years afterward he was received into the Kentucky Conference, and from that time until the present, fifty-nine years, he has been effective. Possessing great physical endurance and superior pulpit talents, his ministry has been one of wonderful success both in the pastorate and episcopate. He has recently returned from California and Oregon, where he spent a year, preaching with the same power as in his younger years. In 1854 he was elected Bishop, and was among the first to cultivate fraternal feelings toward the Methodist Episcopal Church. His visit to Round Lake, Sea Cliff, and other points in the North, in the interest of fraternity, was a source of satisfaction in the wide domain of Methodism. Though eighty years of age, he is still an untiring and successful worker, not only in the local Church work in and near Louisville, Kentucky, his residence, but in the Church generally. He gives but little evidence of his great age. He has a heavy suit of black hair, silvered a little with gray; is stalwart in frame, with a patriarchal bearing, full habit, small piercing eyes, and pleasant countenance.

Bishop Holland Nimmous McTyeire, D.D., was born in Barnwell County, South Carolina, July 28, 1824, and entered the ministry of the Virginia Conference in 1845; but his fine talents brought early promotion, and he was transferred to the extreme South, and filled important appointments in Mobile and New Orleans. While in the latter city the New Orleans *Christian Advocate* was started by a committee in 1851, Rev. H. N. McTyeire, editor, and brought out the first number February 10. At the General Conference of 1854 the paper was received by that body as one of the official Church organs, and Dr. McTyeire was elected editor, thus making seven years at that post. In 1858 he was elected editor of the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville, Tennessee. In 1866 Dr. McTyeire was elected Bishop, and has always been devoted and prominent in that position. He received the title of D.D. from Emory College, Georgia, and La Grange College and other institutions have since honored him similarly. He was chiefly instrumental in securing the gift of one million dollars from the late Cornelius Vanderbilt to found Vanderbilt University, and the subsequent munificent gifts from Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt. Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt placed it in his hands as President of the Trust, with an elegant and permanent residence upon the spacious grounds. The Bishop's wife is a cousin of Mr. Vanderbilt's widow. He is naturally a leader, quick in his movements, firm and judicious. He possesses much of the *hauteur* of Bishop Soule, without his Andrew Jackson stern manners. He is the author of the *Manual of the Discipline*, and *The Duties of Masters*, *Catechism on Bible History*, prepared for the Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America, but used extensively by the Church South; also, *Catechism on Church Government*, which now is in the course of study for young ministers. Bishop McTyeire was Vice-President of the Western Section of American Methodism of the Œcumenical Conference, and made one of the speeches of welcome at City Road Chapel, London, September, 1881. In person he is always courtly-looking, with bright eyes and dark complexion; he has a tall and well-knit frame, without being stout.

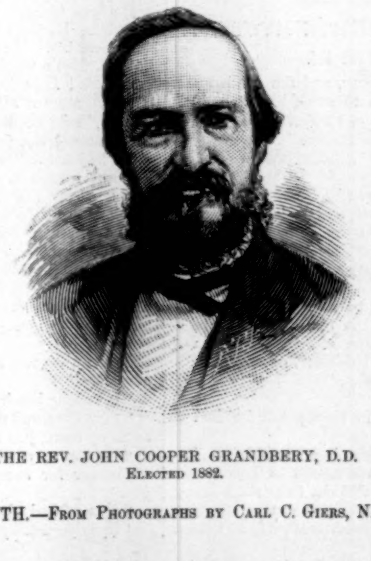
Bishop John Christian Keener, D.D., the youngest in the order of election, is a native of Baltimore, Maryland, born February 7, 1819. Through the influence of Rev. Dr. Wilbur Fisk, who was visiting his father, the widely known late Christian Keener, he spent three years at Wilbraham Academy, Massachusetts, under his care; and when Dr. Fisk became President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut, he became a member of the first class, and graduated in 1835. Shortly after his graduation he was converted, and entered mercantile life, but abandoning his bright secular prospects, he went South and entered the ministry, and was admitted into the Alabama Conference in 1843. In a few years he was sent to New Orleans, then especially a post of danger, and yet of honor because of its importance. He spent a score of years in the pastorate of chief churches and presiding eldership. In 1866 he was elected editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, and in 1870 he was elevated to the episcopacy. Bishop Keener is known, but not published, as the author of *Post Oak Circuit*, written as a prize essay on the support of the ministry, which appeared in 1855, and has gone beyond the twelfth edition, and is still going. It is humorous, pathetic, and argumentative by turns, and has done much to aid in the support of the ministry. In person Bishop Keener is large and measurably stalwart, with a genial countenance. He is a pulpit orator of the magnetic type. He has been largely identified with the Mexican mission work of the Church.

Five new Bishops were elected by the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church South lately in session at Nashville, Tennessee. Of this number, one—the Rev. Dr. Haygood—declined to be ordained. The College of Bishops is therefore at present nine in number.

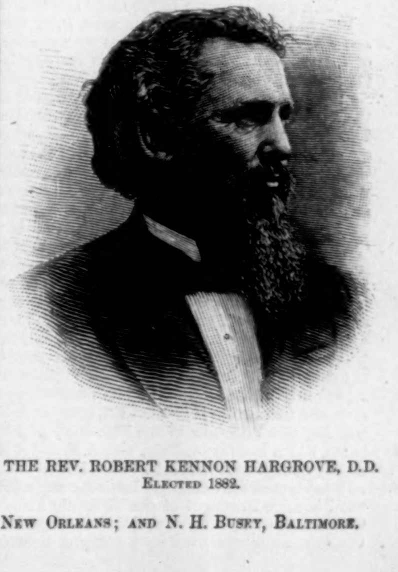
Bishop Alpheus Waters Wilson, D.D., is the son of the late Rev. Norval Wilson, a prominent minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and widely known in Maryland and Virginia. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland, in 1834, converted in early life, and was educated at Columbia College, Washington city, and afterward studied with the intention of practicing medicine, but abandoned the idea, and entered the ministry in the Baltimore Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in 1853. He soon took high rank, and commanded some of the best appointments in Baltimore and elsewhere. His health failed, and he read and practiced law; and when restored, he re-entered the active ministry. He was identified with the Baltimore Conference organized in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, and became prominent in that body, and was elected a delegate to the first General Conference thereafter, and has been re-elected three times to this highest court, which meets quadrennially. He was at this time honored with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. At the General Conference held at Atlanta, Georgia, in 1878, he was elected Secretary of the Board of Missions, which, through his thorough canvass of the churches and fervid appeals, has resulted in large contributions to the cause, and the enlargement of the foreign mission work. His able pulpit and platform ministrations in behalf of this cause, and rare executive abilities, have led to his elevation to the higher



THE REV. LINUS PARKER, D.D.
Elected 1882.



THE REV. JOHN COOPER GRANDBERY, D.D.
Elected 1882.



THE REV. ROBERT KENNON HARGROVE, D.D.
Elected 1882.

THE BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH SOUTH.—From Photographs by Carl C. Giers, Nashville; B. & C. Moses, New Orleans; and N. H. Busey, Baltimore.

work of the episcopacy. He was a delegate to the great Œcumenical Conference at London, England, in September, 1881, and read an able paper on "The Influence of Methodism on Other Denominations." He is the author of a new work just published on *Missions*, which is highly spoken of. He has the elements of a leader, and will make his impression in the councils of the Church, and in shaping her aggressive movements. He is of almost medium height, compactly built without being fleshy, and with admirable poise: a vigorous mind in a vigorous body. His face is heavily bearded. He is sociable yet dignified, and neat in person. He was the only one elected on the first ballot.

Bishop Linus Parker, D.D., is a native of Rome, New York, born in 1829, but removed to New Orleans, Louisiana, in his boyhood. While engaged as a clerk in a dry-goods store, he supplemented a meagre education by rising in the mornings at four o'clock to study Latin and Greek before entering upon the duties of business. Converted young, he entered the ministry in the Louisiana Conference in his twenty-first year (1849), and after spending four years at two appointments in that State, he was sent to New Orleans, where he has labored ever since as pastor, presiding elder, and editor. A considerable portion of the past quarter of a century he has been presiding elder, and editor of the New Orleans *Christian Advocate*, successor to Bishops McTyeire and Keener in the editorship of that paper. He was honored by Centenary College with the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The *Advocate* under his editorship has risen to connectional fame; his polished editorials have won him journalistic fame among cultivated people outside of the pale of the Church. He has been elected a delegate to the General Conference five times, the first in 1858, when he was quite young in the ministry. As a writer he is clear, smooth, and forcible. As a preacher he is elegant and profound, and remarkable for bringing out the hidden meaning of difficult texts; he is regarded in the front rank of preachers in the South. By his culture and scholarly attainments, deep piety, sound judgment, modest demeanor, meekness of spirit, amiability and simplicity of manners, he has won great popularity among people and preachers. He is regarded as eminently fitted to fill any position in the gift of the Church. A man of fine presence, tall and large frame, well filled, without being unduly stout. Rather tawny skinned, with black piercing eyes, and dignified and courtly manners; the picture of vigorous health. He was elected on the second ballot, and ranks second in the order of election.

Bishop John Cooper Grandbery, D.D., the scholarly professor in Vanderbilt University, is a native of Norfolk, Virginia, born December 5, 1829. He was noted in his boyhood and youth for his exemplary character, and in his fifteenth year was converted. Entered Randolph-Macon College, and graduated with the first honor in 1848. The same year (his twentieth) he was received on trial in the Virginia Conference, and has been identified with that body ever since. He soon rose to be one of the foremost ministers in that body, and commanded appointments to churches at Washington city, Richmond, and Petersburg. He was also chaplain of both Randolph-Macon College and the University of Virginia, the former honoring him with M.A. and D.D. When the war began, he entered the Confederate army as a chaplain, and continued to serve the army until the close of the struggle—a service in which he fearlessly discharged his duties, and was severely wounded in the temple, which injured the sight of one eye, and he was taken prisoner. He held for a time the position of Superintendent of Chaplains from the Virginia Conference. In 1875 he was elected professor in the Theological Department of Vanderbilt University, which position he has adorned, and if he had not been elected to the episcopacy, he would have been chosen Dean, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Dr. Summers, because of his varied talents and scholarly culture. He is not an author, but has written much and well for the Church press. Has been a member of four General Conferences; and though honored so often by his Conference, he rarely speaks, but has the reputation of being an elegant, chaste, scholarly, and eloquent preacher. He possesses a clear analytical mind of a judicial cast, and is an able theologian. He is a man of the purest character, humble in his walk, retiring, sweet-spirited. He is of medium height, with high forehead; good habit without being stout; well bearded; eyes shaded with glasses. He was elected on the second ballot, and is fourth in the order of election.

Bishop Robert Kennon Hargrove, D.D., very unexpectedly was elected, as he was not a member of the General Conference, which is the only instance except one in the history of the Church. At the first ballot he developed strength, and at the second he only lacked two votes of an election. There being only one to elect, he was chosen by an overwhelming majority. He was born in Pickens County, Alabama, September 17, 1829. Converted when but eleven years old, he soon after became a student in the University of Alabama, and graduated with honor. He was admitted on trial into the Alabama Conference in 1857, and was sent to some of the best appointments at Mobile, Summerfield, and Greensborough, Alabama. He was transferred, and appointed to Lexington, Kentucky, and thence to the Tennessee Conference, and was appointed pastor of the McKendree Church, the seat of this General Conference, and also presiding elder of the Nashville and Franklin districts. At the time of his election he was presiding elder of the Clarksville District. For some time he was Adjunct Professor in the University of Alabama, which had honored him with A.B. and A.M. Emory College gave him D.D. Then he was elected President of the Centenary Institute, and afterward became President of the Nashville Female College. He was one of the famous Cape May Commissioners who drew up a compact between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South to regulate certain disputed Church questions, which has given him fame in American Methodism. His name had been prominently mentioned in regard to certain connectional offices had he not been elected to the episcopacy. He has been a member of three General Conferences previous to this one, and was a member of the Book Committee and Board of Missions the past four years. He is a man of broad culture and progressive views, and though not widely known in authorship, is a fine writer. He is regarded as a strong preacher and an able theologian. It is believed that he has all the elements of character to make a successful and useful Bishop. He is of good height, large frame well filled, pleasant countenance, with slight beard, quite gray hair for his years, very genial, and courtly in appearance.

THE DEAD STOWAWAY.

By WILL CARLETON.

"Washed up on the beach by the waves, lay the body of a stowaway, looking horribly brutal in its rags, and sought and cared for by no one."—*Report of a Steam-ship Wreck.*

I.

He lay on the beach, just out of the reach
Of waves that had cast him by:
With fingers grim they reached for him
As often as they came nigh.
The shore-face brown had a surly frown,
And glanced at the dancing sea,
As if to say, "Take back the clay
You tossed this morning at me."
Great fragments rude, by the shipwreck strewed,
Had found by this wreck a place;
He had grasped them tight, and hope-strewn fright
Sat still on the bloated face.
Battered and bruised, forever abused,
He lay by the heartless sea,
As if Heaven's aid had never been made
For a villain such as he.

II.

The fetter's mark lay heavy and dark
Around the pulseless wrists;
The hardened scar of many a war
Clung yet to the drooping fists.
The soul's disgrace across that face
Had built an iron track;
The half-healed gash of the jailman's lash
Helped cover the brawny back.
The blood that flowed in a crimson road
From a deep wound in his head
Had felt fierce pangs from the poison-fangs
Of those who his young life fed:
Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others had done,
"More sinned against than sinning"—
And so is many a one!

III.

He had never learned save what had turned
The steps of his life amiss;
He never knew a hand-grasp true,
Or the thrill of a virtuous kiss.
'Twas poured like a flood through his young blood,
And poisoned every vein,
That wrong is right, that law is spite,
And theft but honest gain.
The seeds were grown that had long been sown
By the heart of a murderous sire:
Disease and shame, and blood aflame
With thirst for the fountains of fire.
Battered and bruised, forever abused,
He lay by the moaning sea,
As if Heaven's aid were even afraid
Of a villain such as he.

IV.

As he lay alone, like a sparrow prone,
An angel wandered nigh:
A look she cast over that dark past,
And tears came to her eye.
She bent by the dead, and tenderly said:
"Poor child, you went astray;
Your heart and mind were both born blind—
No wonder they lost their way!
Angels, I know, had fallen as low
With such a dismal chance.
Your heart was ironed, your soul environed,
You were barred of all advance!
Cursed from the very beginning
With deeds that others have done,
'More sinned against than sinning'—
And so is many a one!"

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1325.]

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GOOD STORIES,

WITH NO WASTE OF WORDS.

By CHARLES READE,

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THE KNIGHTSBRIDGE MYSTERY.

CHAPTER III.

After the trial was over, and the condemned man led back to prison to await his execution, Bradbury went straight to 13 Farringdon Street, and inquired for Captain Cowen.

"No such name here," said the good woman of the house.

"But you keep lodgers?"

"Nay, we keep but one, and he is no Captain, he is a City clerk."

"Well, madam, it is not idle curiosity, I assure you; but was not the lodger before him Captain Cowen?"

"Laws, no. It was a parson. Your rakehelly Captains wouldn't suit the like of us. 'Twas a reverend clerk; a grave old gentleman. He wasn't very well to do, I think: his cassock was worn; but he paid his way."

"Keep late hours?"

"Not when he was in town; but he had a country cure."

"Then you have let him in after midnight."

"Nay, I keep no such hours. I lent him a pass-key. He came in and out from the country when he chose. I would have you to know he was an old man, and a sober man, and an honest man; I'd wager my life on that. And excuse me, sir, but who be you, that do catechise me so about my lodgers?"

"I am an officer, madam."

The simple woman turned pale and clasped her hands. "An officer!" she cried. "Alack! what have I done *now?*"

"Why, nothing, madam," said the wily Bradbury. "An officer's business is to protect such as you, not to trouble you, for all the world. There, now, I'll tell you where the shoe pinches. This Captain Cowen has just sworn in a court of justice that he slept here on the 15th of last October."

"He never did, then. Our good parson had no acquaintances in the town. Not a soul ever visited him."

"Mother," said a young girl, peeping in, "I think he knew somebody of that very name. He did ask me once to post a letter for him, and it was to some man of worship, and the name was Cowen, yes—Cowen 'twas. I'm sure of it. By the same token, he never gave me another letter, and that made me pay the more attention."

"Jane, you are too curious," said the mother.

"And I am very much obliged to you, my little maid," said the officer, "and also to you, madam," and so took his leave.

One evening, all of a sudden, Captain Cowen ordered a prime horse at the "Swan," strapped his valise on before him, and rode out of the yard post-haste: he went without drawing bridle to Clapham, and then looked round him, and seeing no other horseman near, trotted gently round into the Borough, then into the City, and slept at an inn in Holborn. He had bespoken a particular room beforehand, a little room he frequented. He entered it with an air of anxiety. But this soon vanished after he had examined the floor carefully. His horse was ordered at five o'clock next morning. He took a glass of strong waters at the door to fortify his stomach, but breakfasted at Uxbridge and fed his good horse. He dined at Beaconsfield, baited at Thame, and supped with his son at Oxford; next day paid all the young man's debts, and spent a week with him.

His conduct was strange: boisterously gay and sullenly despondent by turns. During the week came an unexpected visitor, General Sir Robert Barrington. This officer was going out to America to fill an important office. He had something in view for young Cowen, and came to judge quietly of his capacity. But he did not say anything at that time, for fear of exciting hopes he might possibly disappoint.

However, he was much taken with the young man. Oxford had polished him. His modest reticence, until invited to speak, recommended him to older men, especially as his answers were judicious, when invited to give his opinion. The tutors also spoke very highly of him.

"You may well love that boy," said General Barrington to the father.

"God bless you for praising him!" said the other. "Ay, I love him too well."

Soon after the General left, Cowen changed some gold for notes, and took his departure for London, having first sent word of his return. He meant to start after breakfast and make one day of it; but he lingered with his son, and did not cross Magdalen Bridge till one o'clock.

This time he rode through Dorchester, Benson, and Henley, and as it grew dark, resolved to sleep at Maidenhead.

Just after Hurley Bottom, at four cross-roads, three highwaymen spurred on him from right and left. "Your money or your life!"

He whipped a pistol out of his holster and pulled at the nearest head in a moment.

The pistol missed fire. The next moment a blow from the butt end of a horse-pistol dazed him, and he was dragged off his horse and his valise emptied in a minute.

Before they had done with him, however, there was a clatter of hoofs, and the robbers sprang to their nags and galloped away for the bare life as a troop of yeomanry rode up. The thing was so common the new-comers read the situation at a glance, and some of the best mounted gave chase; the others attended to Captain Cowen, caught his horse, strapped on his valise, and took him with them into Maidenhead, his head aching, his heart sickening and raging by turns. All his gold gone, nothing left but a few £1 notes that he had sewed into the lining of his coat.

He reached the "Swan" next day in a state of sullen despair. "A curse is on me," he said. "*My* pistol miss fire: *my* gold gone."

He was welcomed warmly. He stared with surprise. Barbara led the way to his old room, and opened it. He started back. "Not there," he said, with a shudder.

"Alack! Captain, we have kept it for you. Sure *you* are not afear'd."

"No," said he, doggedly—"no hope, no fear." She stared, but said nothing.

He had hardly got into the room when, click, a key was turned in the door of communication. "A traveller there!" said he. Then, bitterly, "Things are soon forgotten in an inn."

"Not by me," said Barbara, solemnly. "But you know our dame, she can't let money go by her. 'Tis our best room, mostly, and nobody would use it that knows the place. He is a stranger. He is from the wars; will have it he is English, but talks foreign. He is civil enough when he is sober, but when he has got a drop he does maunder away to be sure, and sings such songs I never."

"How long has he been here?" asked Cowen.

"Five days, and the mistress hopes he will stay as many more, just to break the spell."

"He can stay or go," said Cowen. "I am in no humor for company. I have been robbed, girl."

"You robbed, sir? Not openly, I am sure."

"Openly—but by numbers—three of them. I should soon have sped one, but my pistol snapped fire just like his. There, leave me, girl; fate is against me, and a curse upon me. Bubbled out of my fortune in the City, robbed of my gold upon the road. To be honest is to be a fool."

He flung himself on the bed with a groan of anguish, and the ready tears ran down soft Barbara's cheeks. She had tact, however, in her humble way, and did not prattle to a strong man in a moment of wild distress. She just turned and cast a lingering glance of pity on him, and went to fetch him food and wine. She had often seen an unhappy man the better for eating and drinking.

When she was gone, he cursed himself for his weakness in letting her know his misfortunes. They would be all over the house soon. "Why, that fellow next door must have heard me bawl them out. I have lost my head," said he, "and I never needed it more."

Barbara returned with the cold powdered beef and carrots, and a bottle of wine she had paid for herself. She found him sullen, but composed. He made her solemnly promise not to mention his losses. She consented readily, and said, "You know I can hold my tongue."

When he had eaten and drunk and felt stronger, he resolved to put a question to her. "How about that poor fellow?"

She looked puzzled a moment, then turned pale, and said, solemnly: "'Tis for this day week, I hear. 'Twas to be last week, but the King did respite him for a fortnight."

"Ah! indeed! Do you know why?"

"No, indeed. In his place, I'd rather have been put out of the way at once; for they will surely hang him."

Now in our day the respite is very rare: a criminal is hanged or reprieved. But at the period of our story men were often respited for short or long periods, yet suffered at last. One poor wretch was respited for two years, yet executed. This respite, therefore, was nothing unusual, and Cowen, though he looked thoughtful, had no downright suspicion of anything so serious to himself as really lay beneath the surface of this not unusual occurrence.

I shall, however, let the reader know more about it. The judge in reporting the case notified to the proper authority that he desired his Majesty to know he was not entirely at ease about the verdict. There was a lacuna in the evidence against this prisoner. He stated the flaw in a very few words. But he did not suggest any remedy.

Now the public clamored for the man's execution, that travellers might be safe. The King's adviser thought that if the judge had serious doubts, it was his business to tell the jury so. The order for execution issued.

Three days after this the judge received a letter from Bradbury, which I give verbatim.

The King v. Cox.

"My Lord,—Forgive my writing to you in a case of blood. There is no other way. Daniel Cox was not defended. Counsel went against his wish, and would not throw suspicion on any other. That made it Cox or nobody. But there was a man in the inn whose conduct was suspicious. He furnished the wine that made the victim sleepy—and I must tell you the landlady would not let me see the remnant of the wine. She did everything to baffle me and defeat justice—he loaded two pistols so that neither could go off. He has got a pass-key, and goes in and out of the 'Swan' at all hours. He provided counsel for Daniel Cox. That could only be through compunction.

"He swore in court that he slept that night at 13 Farringdon Street. Your Lordship will find it on your notes. For 'twas you put the question, and methinks Heaven inspired you. An hour after the trial I was at 13 Farringdon Street. No Cowen and no Captain had ever lodged there nor slept there. Present lodger, a City clerk; lodger at date of murder, an old clergyman that said he had a country cure, and got the simple body to trust him with a pass-key: so he came in and out at all hours of the night. This man was no clerk, but, as I believe, the cracksman that did the job at the 'Swan.'

"My lord, there is always two in a job of this sort—the professional man and the confederate. Cowen was the confederate, hocussed the wine, loaded the pistols, and lent his pass-key to the cracksman. The cracksman opened the other door with his tools, unless Cowen made him duplicate keys. Neither of them intended violence, or they would have used their own weapons. The wine was drugged expressly to make that needless. The cracksman, instead of a black mask, put on a calf-skin waistcoat and a bottle nose, and that passed muster for Cox by moonlight; it puzzled Cox by moonlight, and deceived Gardiner by moonlight.

"For the love of God get me a respite for the innocent man, and I will undertake to bring the crime home to the cracksman and to his confederate Cowen."

Bradbury signed this with his name and quality.

The judge was not sorry to see the doubt his own warness had raised so powerfully confirmed. He sent this missive on to the minister, with the remark that he had received a letter which ought not to have been sent to him, but to those in whose hands the prisoner's fate rested. He thought it his duty, however, to transcribe from his notes the question he had put to Captain Cowen, and his reply that he had slept at 13 Farringdon Street on the night of the murder, and also the substance of the prisoner's defense, with the remark that, as stated by that uneducated person, it had appeared ridiculous; but that after studying this Bow Street officer's statements, and assuming them to be in the main correct, it did not appear ridiculous, but only remarkable, and it reconciled all the undisputed facts, whereas that Cox was the murderer was and ever must remain irreconcilable with the position of the knife and the track of the blood.

Bradbury's letter and the above comment found their way to the King, and he granted what was asked—a respite.

Bradbury and his fellows went to work to find the old clergyman, *alias* cracksman. But he had melted away without a trace, and they got no other clew. But during Cowen's absence they got a traveller, *i. e.*, a disguised agent, into the inn, who found relics of wax in the key-holes of Cowen's outer door and of the door of communication.

Bradbury sent this information in two letters, one to the judge, and one to the minister.

But this did not advance him much. He had long been sure that Cowen was in it. It was the professional hand, the actual robber and murderer, he wanted.

The days succeeded one another: nothing was done. He lamented, too late, he had not applied for a reprieve, or even a pardon. He deplored his own presumption in assuming that he could unravel such a mystery entirely. His busy brain schemed night and day; he lost his sleep, and even his appetite. At last, in sheer despair, he proposed to himself a new solution, and acted upon it in the dark and with consummate subtlety; for he said to himself: "I am in deeper water than I thought. Lord, how they skim a case at the Old Bailey! They take a pond for a puddle, and go to fathom it with a forefinger."

Captain Cowen sank into a settled gloom; but he no longer courted solitude; it gave him the horrors. He preferred to be in company, though he no longer shone in it. He made acquaintance with his neighbor, and rather liked him. The man had been in the Commissariat Department, and seemed half surprised at the honor a Captain did him in conversing with him. But he was well versed in all the incidents of the late wars, and Cowen was glad to go with him into the past; for the present was dead, and the future horrible.

This Mr. Cutler, so deferential when sober, was inclined to be more familiar when in his cups, and that generally ended in his singing and talking to himself in his own room in the absurdest way. He never went out without a black leather case strapped across his back like a dispatch-box. When joked and asked as to the contents, he used to say, "Papers, papers," curtly.

One evening, being rather the worse for liquor, he dropped it, and there was a metallic sound. This was immediately commented on by the wags of the company.

"That fell heavy, for paper," said one.

"And there was a ring," said another.

"Come, unload thy pack, comrade, and show us thy papers."

Cutler was sobered in a moment, and looked scared. Cowen observed this, and quietly left the room. He went upstairs to his own room, and, mounting on a chair, he found a thin place in the partition and made an eyelet-hole.

That very night he made use of this with good effect. Cutler came up to bed, singing and whistling, but presently threw down something heavy, and was silent. Cowen spied, and saw him kneel down, draw from his bosom a key suspended round his neck by a ribbon, and open the dispatch-box. There were papers in it, but only to deaden the sound of a great many new guineas that glittered in the light of the candle, and seemed to fire, and fill the receptacle.

Cutler looked furtively round, plunged his hands in them, took them out by handfuls, admired them, kissed them, and seemed to worship them, locked them up again, and put the black case under his pillow.

While they were glaring in the light, Cowen's eyes flashed with unholy fire. He clutched his hands at them where he stood, but they were inaccessible. He sat down despondent, and cursed the injustice of fate. Bubbled out of money in the City; robbed on the road: but when another had money, it was safe: he left his keys in the locks of both doors, and his gold never quitted him.

Not long after this discovery he got a letter from his son, telling him that the college bill for battels, or commons, had come in, and he was unable to pay it: he begged his father to disburse it, or he should loose credit

This tormented the unhappy father, and the proximity of gold tantalized him, so that he bought a phial of laudanum and secreted it about his person.

"Better die," said he, "and leave my boy to Barrington. Such a legacy from his dead comrade will be sacred, and he has the world at his feet."

He even ordered a bottle of red port, and kept it by him to swill the laudanum in, and so get drunk and die.

But when it came to the point, he faltered.

Meantime the day drew near for the execution of Daniel Cox: Bradbury had undertaken too much. His cracksman seemed, to the King's advisers, as shadowy as the double of Daniel Cox.

The evening before that fatal day Cowen came to a wild resolution. He would go to Tyburn at noon, which was the hour fixed, and would die under that man's gibbet. So was this powerful mind unhinged.

This desperate idea was uppermost in his mind when he went up to his bedroom.

But he resisted. No, he would never play the coward while there was a chance left on the cards. While there is life there is hope. He seized the bottle, uncorked it, and tossed off a glass. It was potent, and tingled through his veins, and warmed his heart.

He set the bottle down before him. He filled another glass. But before he put it to his lips jocund noises were heard coming up the stairs, and noisy, drunken voices, and two boon companions of his neighbor Cutler, who had a double-bedded room opposite him, parted with him for the night. He was not drunk enough, it seems, for he kept demanding t'other bottle. His friends, however, were of a different opinion; they bundled him into his room, and locked him in from the other side; and shortly after burst into their own room, and were more garrulous than articulate.

Cutler, thus disposed of, kept saying, and shouting, and whining, that he must have t'other bottle. In short, any one at a distance would have thought he was announcing sixteen different propositions, so various were the accents of anger, grief, expostulation, deprecation, supplication, imprecation, and whining tenderness in which he declared he must have t'other bo'l.

At last he came bump against the door of communication. "Neighbor," said he, "your wuship, I mean, great man of war."

"Well, sir?"

"Let's have t'other bo'l."

Cowen's eyes flashed. He took out his phial of laudanum, and emptied about a fifth part of it into the bottle.

Cutler whined at the door, "Do open the door, your wuship, and let's have t'other (hic)."

"Why, the key is on your side."

A feeble-minded laugh at the discovery, a fumbling with the key, and the door opened, and Cutler stood in the doorway, with his cravat disgracefully loose, and his visage wreathed in foolish smiles. His eyes goggled; he pointed with a mixture of surprise and low cunning at the table: "Why, there *is* t'other bo'l: let's have'm."

"Nay," said Cowen, "I drain no bottles at this time. One glass suffices me. I drink your health." He raised his glass.

Cutler grabbed the bottle, and said, brutally, "And I'll drink yours," and shut the door with a slam, but was too intent on his prize to lock it.

Cowen sat and listened.

He heard the wine gurgle, and the drunkard draw a long breath of delight.

Then there was a pause; then a snatch of song, rather melodious, and more articulate than Mr. Cutler's recent attempts at discourse.

Then another gurgle, and another loud, "Ah!"

Then a vocal attempt, which broke down by degrees.

Then a snore.

Then a somnolent remark—"All right."

Then a staggering on to his feet. Then a swaying to and fro, and a subsiding against the door.

Then by-and-by a little reel at the bed, and a fall flat on the floor.

Then stertorous breathing.

Cowen sat still at the key-hole some time, then took off his boots and softly mounted his chair, and applied his eye to the peep-hole.

Cutler was lying on his stomach between the table and the bed.

Cowen came to the door on tiptoe and turned the handle gently; the door yielded.

He lost nerve for the first time in his life. What horrible shame, should the man come to his senses and see him!

He stepped back into his own room, ripped up his portmanteau, and took out, from between the leather and the lining, a disguise and a mask. He put them on.

Then he took his loaded cane: for he thought to himself, "No more stabbing in that room," and he crept through the door like a cat.

The man lay breathing stertorously, and his lips blowing out at every exhalation like lifeless lips urged by a strong wind, so that Cowen began to fear, not that he might wake, but that he might die.

It flashed across him he should have to leave England.

What he came to do seemed now wonderfully easy: he took the key by its ribbon carefully off the sleeper's neck, unlocked the dispatch-box, took off his hat, put the gold into it, locked the dispatch-box, replaced the key, took up his hatful of money, and retired slowly on tiptoe as he came.

He had but deposited his stick and the booty on the bed, when the sham drunkard pinned him from behind, and uttered a shrill whistle. With a fierce snarl Cowen whirled his captor round like a feather, and dashed with him against the post of his own door, stunning the man so that he relaxed his hold, and Cowen whirled him round again, and kicked him in the stomach so felly that he was doubled up out of the way, and contributed nothing more to the struggle except his last meal. At this very moment two Bow Street runners rushed madly upon Cowen through the door of communication. He met one in full career with a blow so tremendous that it sounded through the house, and drove him all across the room against the window, where he fell down senseless; the other he struck rather short, and though the blood spurted and the man staggered, he was on him again in a moment, and pinned him. Cowen, a master of pugilism, got his head under his left shoulder, and pommelled him cruelly; but the fellow managed to hold on, till a powerful foot kicked in the door at a blow, and Bradbury himself sprang on Captain Cowen with all the fury of a tiger; he seized him by the throat from behind, and throttled him, and set his knee to his back; the other, though mauled and bleeding, whipped out a short rope, and pinioned him in a turn of the hand. Then all stood panting but the disabled men, and once more the passage and the room were filled with pale faces and panting bosoms.

Lights flashed on the scene, and instantly loud screams from the landlady and her maids, and as they screamed they pointed with trembling fingers.

And well they might. There—caught red-handed in an act of robbery and violence, a few steps from the place of the mysterious murder, stood the stately figure of Captain Cowen and the mottled face and bottle nose of Daniel Cox, condemned to die in just twelve hours' time.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHINESE SOCIALIST.

WANGANCHI was a famous statesman and author of China who lived in one of its flourishing periods. He was the favorite minister of the young King Chintsong. Wanganchi was very learned, the author of many books. He wrote a whole cyclopædia, and an endless list of commentaries and criticisms. He lived about the time when William the Conqueror invaded England, and when the European savages were just beginning to rise from their intense barbarism.

It was different in China. There the people had almost lost the art of war, but were full of intelligence and schemes of progress. They lived under a despotism, but had never learned the want of freedom. Wanganchi was a reformer and a socialist, and hoped to amend all the sufferings of the poor by a complete change in the laws of society. His influence with the emperor was so great that he was the real ruler of China, and his sanguine mind conceived a great project of reform that was to make every one happy and at ease. The public and the emperor lent him their support; all the poor naturally rallied around their friend, and a fine province of the empire was assigned to the philosopher, in which he was to test his socialistic theories.

Neither Plato nor More nor Bacon was ever allowed to put into practice his Utopia or republic. The Chinese philosopher was more fortunate or more unlucky. His plan was full of promise. "The state," he said, "should take the entire management of commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, and prevent the working classes from being ground to the dust by the rich." He put his theories into practice. The poor were exempted from taxation, land was allotted to every poor man, and seed-corn was provided. In Wanganchi's pleasant scheme there were to be no poor and no rich. Plenty and pleasure, the chief aims of life, were to be bestowed on all, and China rejoiced in a new hope. Commissioners were appointed to direct the peasant proprietors; the land was equally divided. No one was so popular as the scholarly statesman, and his humane projects won him for a time the confidence of all.

But unhappily the scheme soon proved impracticable. The rich province of Shensi, in which it was chiefly tried, showed traces of a rapid decline. The peasant-proprietors who worked for the state grew indolent and careless. The land was neglected and impoverished. A large part of it fell out of cultivation, and the small farmers failed to preserve the fertility of what remained. A general poverty and discontent followed; the unhappy philanthropist was driven from office and power. For ten years he survived in disgrace and neglect, and died A.D. 1086, forgotten by his countrymen. But Wanganchi never abandoned his faith in his Utopian scheme. He asserted almost with his latest breath that he would reform mankind. After his death his books were proscribed and his name dishonored. Then twenty years later his fame broke out afresh, and his name was placed in the Hall of Confucius as one of the benefactors of China. But it was removed in 1126, and again he sank into neglect.

Wanganchi, it is said by his countrymen, possessed a fierce, bold, inquisitive mind, full of hope and ardor. He was a free-thinker, and worshipped no idols. His fanciful scheme contained within itself some elements of truth, but wanted the modern principle of freedom and individual liberty. It is only the sense of freedom joined with the need of exertion that makes men industrious; it is industry that makes them happy. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

IN the far West, when a newspaper hails as its candidate for Congressional honors a man whose chances for nomination and election are not considered the best, the aspirant is said to be "rodded for Congressional lightning." This expression is incidentally a delicate testimonial to the ubiquity of the lightning-rod agent from the East, but it can hardly be regarded as complimentary of the rods that he puts up.

The alligator has come to be regarded in Florida as a very valuable product. His hide, teeth, and bones are worth something, and the opportunity which he affords to Northerners for shooting at him—in the words of a Florida newspaper—"brings big money to Florida every year."

In connection with the opposition of the Massachusetts Senators to the anti-Chinese bill, a California newspaper calls attention to the perilous experience of some seventy-five Chinamen who sought to get a living in the town of North Adams. It often happens that when the Grandmother State throws stones, she attracts return fire upon a vitreous domicile.

All of the various intoxicating beverages are sold in the Maine drug stores under the generic name of nose paint, and thus the trade in pigments becomes an important item in the druggists' business.

There is a strike for higher wages in Napa, California, which is not likely to be unsuccessful through lack of unity of effort. The man who was painting the court-house spire descended and refused to resume work till his pay was increased. As he was the only man in the place who was willing to risk his neck at such an altitude, he was at last accounts determined and hopeful.

On the strength of a grant said to have been made by Ferdinand VI. of Spain, claim is made by James M. Reavis to thirty-four hundred thousand acres of land in Arizona, embracing some half-dozen well-known mining districts, the value of which is almost beyond computation. Mr. Reavis holds a deed made twenty years ago by Miguel Peralta, conveying the land to him and George M. Willing, whose widow has sold her interest to the present claimant. The Peralta family, it is claimed, held the original grant from the Spanish king.

The presence of five wagon-loads of gypsies in a rural region of Kentucky is accepted by a local authority as "an indication that spring chickens are getting ripe."

A promising urchin, after reading that the Star Peg Factory in Canada had been destroyed by fire, fell to speculating as to what the stars would be hung up to hereafter.

It is alleged in a Boston newspaper that there are frugal housewives in that city who borrow creamery butter and pay in oleomargarine.

It is considered on the Pacific coast that an important question has been settled by Judge McGarvey's decision that an Indian has "a right to vote and buy whiskey, the same as a white man."

Speaking hopefully of Secretary Teller's policy, a contemporary predicts that before the expiration of the present administration it will be quite safe for the army to parade the plains alone.

Notwithstanding that there are six million miles of fence in this republic, according to the latest census, when a boy who has been forbidden to go in swimming explains that he turned his ultimate garment wrong side out getting over a fence, his statement is generally taken *cum grano salis.*

It is urged by the hoodlum element on the Pacific slope as a reason for the banishment of the Chinese that when the Celestials go out alone nights they never carry any decent sum of money in their flabby pockets.

According to a Virginia City newspaper, the somewhat famous town of Bodie, Nevada, is undergoing the process of decay which has nearly obliterated many places in the far West that have seen days when they dreamed of attaining metropolitan importance. "The faro banks deal with small chips," says the account, "and have a very low limit; and houses may be bought, lot and all, for less than the lumber cost."

An incident of the recent observation of the sun's eclipse by English, French, and Italian astronomers in Upper Egypt, was the discovery of an unknown comet close to the sun, and the determining of its position by photography. Spectroscopic observations made just before and in the course of the period of totality by the French astronomers gave results indicating a lunar atmosphere. For the first time the spectrum of the corona was successfully photographed.

That part of San Francisco known as Chinatown refused to pay the high rates demanded by the water company, and Artesian wells were sunk by the Chinamen, who get water for their wash-houses for one-half the money paid to the company. Backed by the Chinese Six Companies, Oriental enterprise is now threatening to supply the entire city with water at the same rate.

A lawyer in Maine has brought suit for five thousand dollars' damages against the publishers of a county history in which he is written down as dead, and is handsomely eulogized in an obituary sketch. He can easily disprove the announcement of his demise, but there's no telling how long his practice will suffer by reason of the printed tribute to his conscientiousness.

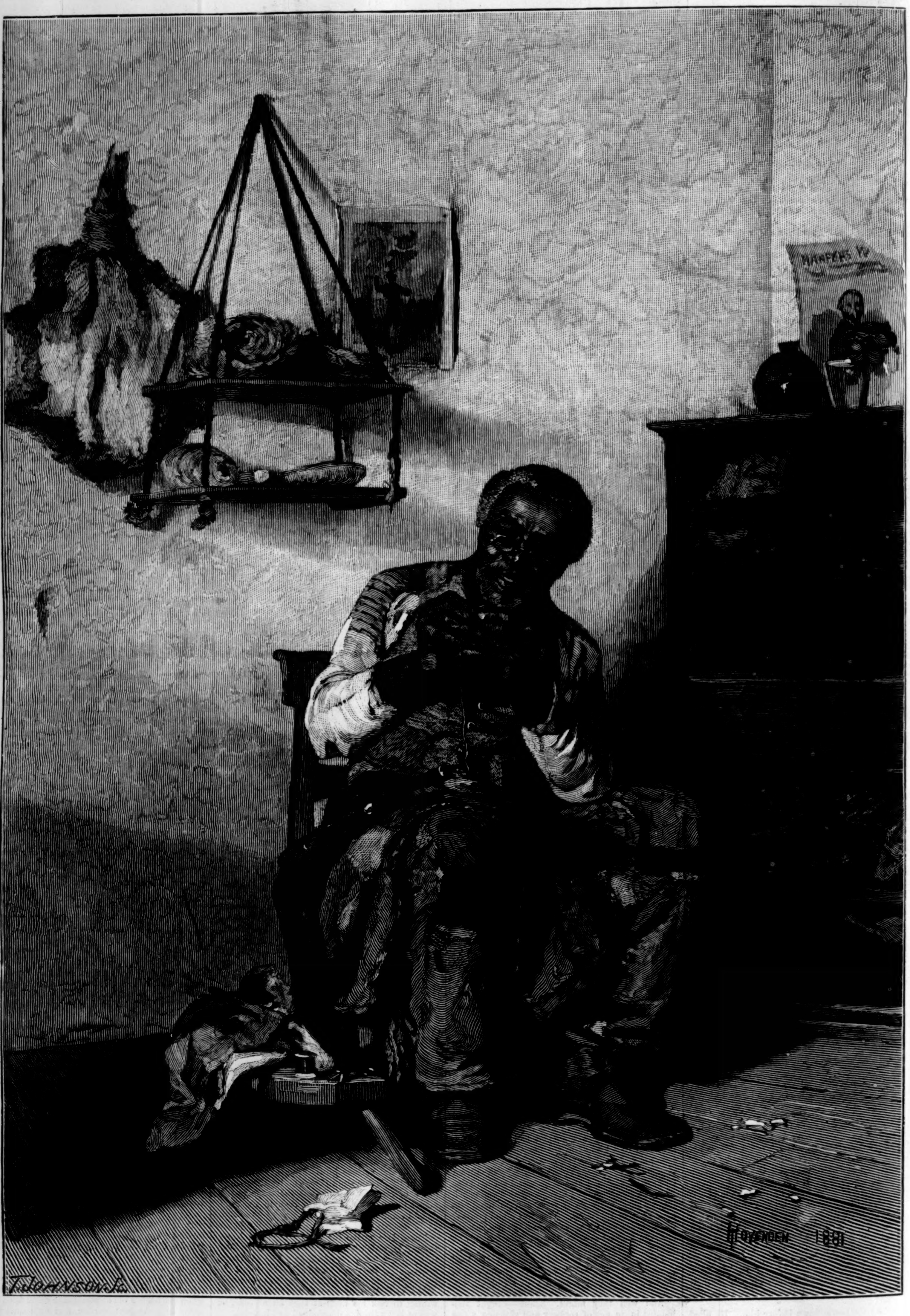
A correspondent in South America recounts the exploits of bandits in the Cordilleras east of Lima. Sixteen men, well armed and mounted, uniformed as Chilian soldiers, and having at their head a Spaniard dressed as a Chilian colonel, visited several villages, summoned the people together, and told them that they were collecting war contributions, and unless the assessments were paid at once their houses would be sacked and burned. The robbers are said to have collected money equivalent to about a hundred thousand dollars.

One who claims to know what he is talking about sets forth the degrees of mining speculation as follows: Positive, mine; comparative, miner; superlative, minus.

Learning that the First Brigade of the Illinois Militia is without a general, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* observes, "This accounts for the sassy attitude of Europe."

Among the evidences that spring is really at hand, a Colorado paper observes that "the genial rattlesnake has made his appearance among the rocks and ledges in the hills about town."

A Wisconsin bride received from an old acquaintance a pair of trousers, with the message, "Loaned for the part you are to play." The bridegroom, quite naturally, regarded this as intended to throw doubt upon his ability to be the head of the family, and was consulting with friends as to how he should resent the insult, when the bride's old acquaintance came upon the scene in great perturbation, and explained that the package delivered there should have been sent to a young man who was to appear in an amateur dramatic entertainment. The young amateur had received a piece of silver-ware, accompanied by congratulations and best wishes.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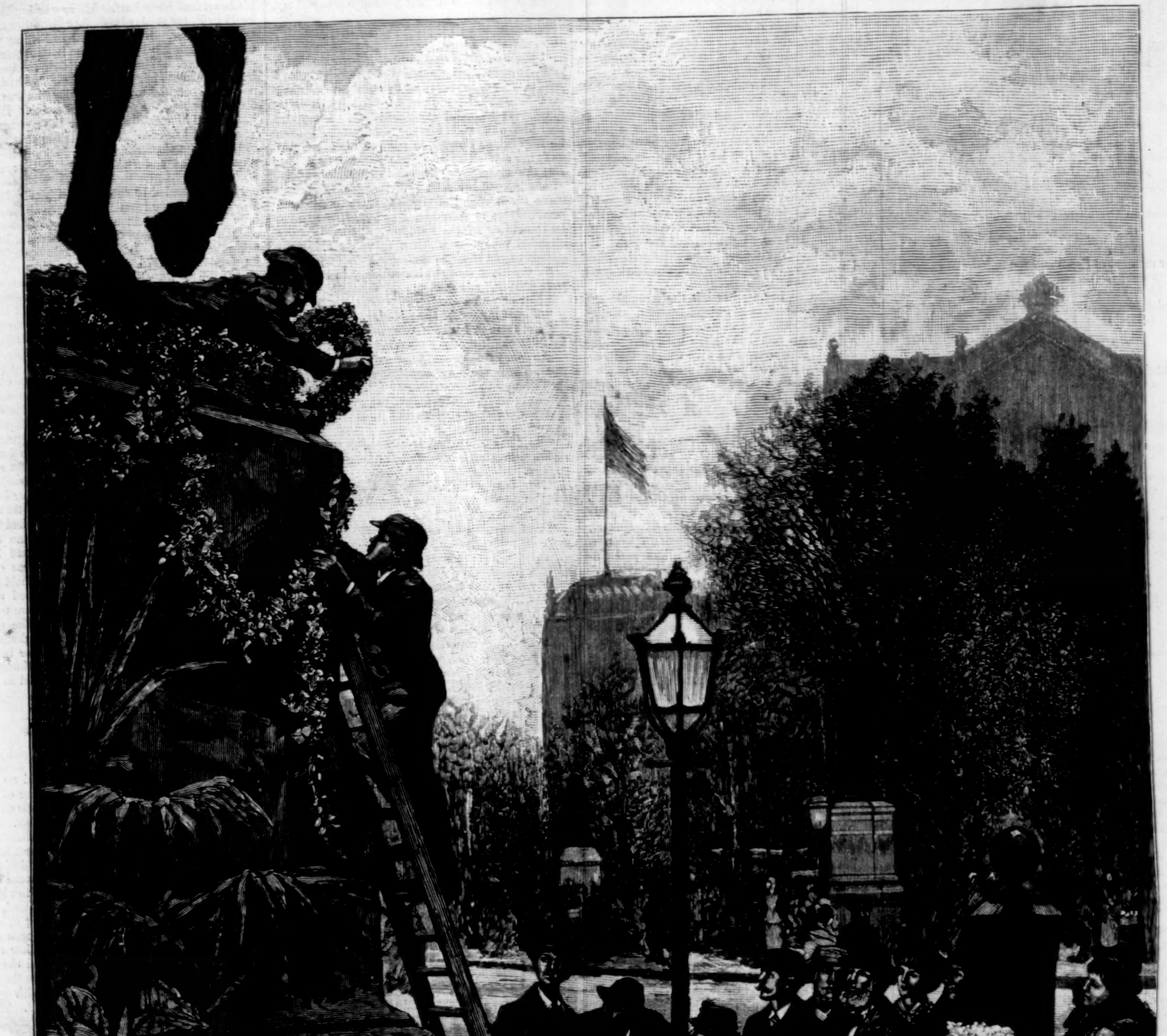
HOVENDEN 1881
T. JOHNSON Sc.

"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."—DRAWN BY THOMAS HOVENDEN.



DECORATION-DAY IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by Wm. St. J. Harper.

THE HEROES' DAY.

THROUGH the long bending grass
The white-robed maidens pass,
With tender faces, and with footsteps soft and slow,
Upon each lowly grave,
Where sleeps the true and brave,
Dropping red roses and wan lilies as they go.

Flowers for the patriot band
Who loved their native land;
Sweet rosemary, and purple pansies, and pale pinks;
Green leaves from budding trees
Make sweet the passing breeze—
Sweet as the elegy the grateful nation thinks.

For who would not prolong
With flowers and scent and song
The memory of those who fell in Freedom's fight?
From the sweet month of May,
Then, choose the fairest day,
And crown it for the honored Dead with all things bright.

Then say: "O singing birds,
Echo these tender words:
While bosoms nobly throb, and women's eyes are wet,
While roses bud and blow,
While stars at evening glow,
While daylight breaks for us, we never will forget.

"As long as men shall stand
For home and native land,
And while our starry flag flies o'er the true and free,
Honor and Love and Truth
Shall give immortal Youth,
And we'll remember you upon the land and sea."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1327.]

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

Author of "Orley Farm," "The Warden," "Is He Popenjoy?" "Marion Fay," etc.

CHAPTER II.

SIR FRANCIS GERALDINE.

ON that same afternoon, at about tea-time, Sir Francis came up to the house. He had said that he would be there if he could get there—and he got there. He was shown into the drawing-room, where was sitting Mrs. Holt with her daughter, and began to tell them that he was to leave the Deanery on the following morning, and not be back till a day or two before his marriage.

"Where are you going?" Cecilia asked, meaning nothing, only gaining time till she should have determined how she should carry out her purpose.

"Well, if you must know, I am going to Goodwood. I had not thought of it; but some friends have reminded me that as these are to be the last days of my liberty, I may as well enjoy them."

"Your friends are very complaisant to me," said Cecilia, in a tone of voice which seemed to imply that she took it all in earnest.

"One's friends never do care a straw for the young lady on such an occasion," said Sir Francis. "They regard her as the conquering enemy, and him as the conquered victim."

"And you desire a little relaxation from your fetters."

"Well, just a last flutter." All this had been said with such a mixture of indifferent badinage on his part, and of serious anger on hers, that Mrs. Holt, who saw it all and understood it, sat very uneasy in her chair. "To tell the truth," continued he, "all the instructions have been given to the lawyers, and I really do think that I had better be away during the making of the dresses and the baking of the cake. It has come to pass by this accident of my living at the Deanery that we have already become almost tired of each other's company."

"You might speak for yourself, Sir Francis Geraldine."

"So I do. For, to tell the truth, a man does get tired of this kind of thing quicker than a woman, and a man of forty much quicker than a woman of twenty. At any rate, I'm off to-morrow."

There was something in the tone of all this which thoroughly confirmed her in her purpose. There should come an end to him of his thralldom. This should not be by many the last of his visits to Goodwood. He should never again have to complain of the trouble given to him by her company. She sat silent, turning it all over in her mind, and struggling to think how she might best get her mother out of the room. She must do it instantly—now at once. She was perfectly resolved that he should not leave that house an engaged man. But she did not see her direct way to the commencement of the difficult conversation.

"Mrs. Holt," said Sir Francis, "don't you think a little absence will be best for both of us, before we begin the perilous voyage of matrimony together?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said poor Mrs. Holt.

"There can't be a doubt about it," continued the lover. "I have become so stupid that I hardly know how to put one foot before the other, and Cecilia is so majestical that her dignity is growing to be almost tedious."

"Mamma," said Cecilia, after a pause, "as Sir Francis is going to-morrow, would you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes? There is something which I have to say to him."

"Oh, certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Holt, as she got up and left the room.

Now had come the moment, the difficult moment, in which Cecilia Holt had to remodel for herself the course of her future life. For the last month or two she had been the affianced bride of a baronet and of a man of fashion. All Exeter had known her as the future Lady Geraldine. And more than that, she had learned to regard herself as the owner of the man and of his future home. Her imagination had been active in drawing pictures for herself of the life she was to live—pictures which for a time had been rosy-hued. But whatever the tints may have been, and how far the bright colors may have become dimmed, it had been as Lady Geraldine, and not as Cecilia Holt, that she had looked in the glass which had shown to herself her future career. Now, within the last four-and-twenty hours—for the last crowning purpose of her resolution was hardly of longer date—she had determined to alter it all. But he as yet did not know it. He still regarded her as his affianced bride. Now had come the moment in which the truth must be told to him.

As soon as her mother left the room she got up from her seat, as did also her lover. He, as soon as the door was closed, at once attempted to put his arm round the girl's waist, as was his undoubted privilege. She with the gentlest possible motion rejected his embrace, and contrived to stand at a little distance from him. But she said nothing. The subject to be discussed was so difficult that words would not come to her assistance. Then he lent her his aid. "You do not mean that you're in a tiff because of what I said just now. Of course it is better that we should not be together for the few days before our marriage."

"I do not think that I am in a tiff, Sir Francis. I hope I am not, because what I have to say is too serious for ill-humor." Then she paused. "What I have got to say is of some importance—of very great importance. Sir Francis Geraldine, I feel that I have to ask you to forgive me."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"You may well ask. And, indeed, I do not know how to excuse myself. Your friends will say that I am frivolous, and vain, and discontented."

"What the mischief is it all about?" he demanded, with an angry voice.

She knew she had not as yet told him. She could perceive that he had not gathered from her first words any inkling of the truth; and yet she did not know how to tell him. If it were once told, she could, she thought, defend herself. But the difficulty was to find the words by which she could let him know what was her intention. "Sir Francis, I fear that we have misunderstood each other."

"How misunderstood? Why Sir Francis? Am I to understand that you want to quarrel with me because I am going away? If so, speak it out. I shall go just the same."

"Your going has no bearing upon my present purpose. I had made up my mind before I had heard of your going—only when I did hear of it, it became necessary that I should tell you at once."

"But you have told me nothing. I hate mysteries, and secrets, and scenes. There is nothing goes against the grain so much with me as tragedy airs. If you have done anything amiss that it is necessary that I should know, let me know it at once." As he said this there came across his brow a look of anger and of hot ill-humor such as she had never seen there before. The effect was to induce her to respect him rather than to be afraid of him. It was well that a man should have the power and the courage to show his anger.

But it encouraged her to proceed with her task. She certainly was not afraid of him personally, though she did dread what the world might say of her, and especially what might be said by his friends. "I do not know that I have done anything amiss of which I need tell you," she said, with quiet dignity. "It is rather that which I intend to do. I fear, Sir Francis, that you and I have made a mistake in this."

"What mistake?" he shouted. "While you beat about the bush I shall never understand you."

"In our proposed marriage."

"What?"

"I fear that I should not make you happy."

"What on earth do you mean?" Then he paused a moment before he continued, which he did as though he had discovered suddenly the whole secret. "You have got another lover."

There was something in the idea so shocking to Cecilia, so revolting, so vulgar in the mode of expression, that the feeling at once gave her the strength necessary to go on with her task. She would not condescend to answer the accusation, but at once told her story in plain language. "I think, Sir Francis Geraldine, that you do not feel for me the regard that would make me happy as your wife. Do not interrupt me just at present," she said, stopping him as some exclamation was escaping from his lips. "Hear me to the end, and if you have aught to say, I will then hear you. Of my own regard for you I will say nothing. But I think that I have been mistaken as to your nature. In fact, I feel sure that we are neither of us that which the other supposed. It is lamentable that we should have fallen into such an error, but it is well that even yet we can escape from it before it is too late. As my mind is altogether made up, I can only ask your pardon for what I have done to you, expressing myself sure at the same time that I am now best consulting your future happiness."

During this last speech of Cecilia's, Sir Francis had sat down, while she still stood in her old place. He had seated himself on the sofa, assuming, as it were, a look of profound ease, and arranging the nails of one hand with the fingers of the other, as though he were completely indifferent to the words spoken to him. "Have you done yet?" he said, as soon as she was silent.

"Yes, I have done."

"And you are sure that if I begin you will not interrupt me till I have done?"

"I think not—if there be aught that you have to say."

"Well, considering that ten minutes since I was engaged to make you Lady Geraldine, and that now I am supposed to be absolved from any such necessity, I presume you will think it expedient that I should say something. I suppose that I have not been told the whole truth." Then he stopped, as though, in spite of his injunction as to her silence, he expected an answer from her. But she made none, though there came a cloud of anger upon her face. "I suppose, I say, that there is something of which it is not considered necessary that I should be informed. There must be something of the kind, or you would hardly abandon prospects which a few days since appeared to you to be so desirable."

"I have not thought it necessary to speak of your temper," she said.

"Nor of your own."

"Nor of my own," she added.

"But there is, I take it, something beyond that. I do not think that my temper, bad as it may be—nor your own—would have sufficed to estrange you. There must be something more palpable than temper to have occasioned it. And though you have not thought fit tell me, you must feel that my position justifies me in asking. Have you another lover?"

"No," she exclaimed, burning with wrath, but with head so turned from him that he should not see her.

"Nor have ever had one? I am entitled to ask the question, though perhaps I should have asked it before."

"You are at any rate not entitled to ask it now. Sir Francis Geraldine, between you and me all is over. I can only beg you to understand most positively that all is over."

"My dear Miss Holt, you need not insist upon that, as it is perfectly understood."

"Then there need be no further words. If I have done you any wrong, I ask your pardon. You have wronged me only in your thoughts. I must take what consolation I can from the feeling that the injury will fall chiefly upon my head, and not upon yours." Then, without a further word of farewell, she marched out of the room.

Sir Francis, when he found himself alone, shook himself, as it were, as he rose from the sofa, and looked about the room in amazement. It was quite true that she was gone—gone, as far as he was concerned, forever. It did not occur to him for a moment that there could be any reconciliation between them, and his first feeling undoubtedly was one of amazed disappointment. Then, standing there in Mrs. Holt's drawing-room, he began to bethink himself what could have been the cause of it. Since the first week of his engagement he had begun and had continued to tell himself what great things he was about to do for Cecilia Holt. With her beauty, her grace, her dignity, and her accomplishments, he was quite satisfied. It was expedient that he should marry, and he did not know that he could marry much better. Cecilia, when her mother died, would have twenty thousand pounds, and that in his eyes had been sufficient. But he was about to make her Lady Geraldine, and the more that he thought of this, the more grateful it had appeared to him that she should be to him. Then by degrees, as he had expected from her expressions of gratitude, she had rebelled against him. Of the meaning of this he had not been quite conscious, but had nevertheless felt it necessary that he should dominate her spirit. Up to the moment in which this interview had begun he had thought that he was learning to do so. She had not dared to ask him questions which would have been so natural, or to demand from him services to which she was entitled. It was thus that he had regarded her conduct. But he had never feared for a moment but that he was on the road to success. Up to the moment at which he had entered the room he had thought that he was progressing favorably. His Cecilia was becoming tame in his hands, as was necessary. He had then been altogether taken aback and surprised by her statement to him, and could not for some moments get over his feeling of amazement. At last he uttered a low whistle, and then walked slowly out of the house. At the front door he found his horse, and mounting it, rode back into Exeter. As he did so he began to inquire of himself whether this step which the girl had determined to take was really a misfortune to him or the reverse. He had hardly as yet asked himself any such question since the day on which he had first become engaged to her. He had long thought of marrying, and one girl after another had been rejected by him as he had passed them in review through his thoughts. Then had come Cecilia's turn, and she had seemed to answer the purpose. There had been about her an especial dignity which had suited his views of matrimonial life. She was a young woman as to whom all his friends would say that he had done well in marrying her. But by degrees there had come upon him a feeling of the general encumbrance of a wife. Would she not interfere with him? Would she not wish to hinder him when he chose to lead a bachelor's life? Newmarket, for instance, and his London clubs, and his fishing in Norway—would she not endeavor to set her foot upon them? Would it not be well that he should teach her that she would not be allowed to interfere? He had therefore begun to teach her—and this had come of it! It had been quite unexpected, but still he felt as though he were released from a burden.

He had accused her of having had another lover. At the moment an idea had passed through his mind that she was suddenly prompted by her conscience to tell him something that she had hitherto concealed. There had been some lover, probably, as to whom every one had been silent to him. He was a jealous man, and for a moment he had been hurt. He would have said that his heart had been hurt. There was but little of heart in it, for it may be doubted whether he had ever loved her. But there was something pricked him which filled him for the instant with serious thoughts. When he had asked the question he wished to see her at his feet. There had come no answer, and he told himself that he was justified in thinking the surmise to be true. He was justified to himself, but only for the moment, for at the next had come her declaration that all was to be over between them. The idea of the lover became buried under the ruins which were thus made.

So she intended to escape from him! But he also would escape from her. After all, what an infinite trouble would a wife be to him—especially a wife of whose docility in harness he was not quite assured. But there came upon him as he rode home an idea that the world would say that he had been jilted. Of course he would have been jilted, but there would be nothing in that except as the world might speak of it. It was gall to him to have to think that the world of Exeter should believe that Cecilia Holt had changed her mind, and had sent him about his business. If the world of Exeter would say that he had ill-used the girl, and had broken off the engagement for mere fancy—as she had done—that would be much more endurable. He could not say that such was the case. To so palpable a lie the contradiction would be easy and disgraceful. But could he not so tell the story as to leave a doubt on the minds of the people? That question of another lover had not been contradicted. Thinking of it again as he rode home, he began to feel that the lover must be true, and that her conduct in breaking off the engagement had been the consequence. There had been some complication in the way of which she had been unable to rid herself; at any rate it was quite out of the question that he should have held himself to such an engagement, complicated as it would have been with such a lover. There would be some truth, therefore, in so telling the story as to leave the matter in doubt, and in doubt he resolved that he would leave it. Before he got back to the Deanery he was, he thought, thoroughly glad that he should have been enabled so easily to slip his neck out of the collar.

CHAPTER III.

THE END OF THAT EPISODE.

CECILIA during the following day told no one what had occurred, nor on the morning of the next. Indeed, she did not open her mouth on the subject till Maude Hippesley came to her. She felt that she was doing wrong to her mother by keeping her in the dark, but she could not bring herself to tell it. She had, as she now declared to herself, settled the question of her future life. To live with her mother, and then to live alone, must be her lot. She had been accustomed, before the coming of Sir Francis, to speak of this as a thing certain; but then it had not been certain, had not been probable, even to her own mind. Of course lovers would come till the acceptable lover should be accepted. The threats of a single life made by pretty girls with good fortunes never go for much in this world. Then in due time the acceptable lover had come, and had been accepted.

And to what purpose had she put him? She could not even now say of what she accused him, having rejected him. What excuse could she give? What answer could she allege? She was more sure than ever now that she could not live with him as his wife. He had said words about some former lover which were not the less painful in that there had been no foundation for them. There had, in truth, been nothing for her to tell Sir Francis Geraldine. Out of her milk-white innocency no confession was to be made. But what there was had all been laid bare to him. There had been no lover, but if there had, then there would have been a lie told. She had said that there had been none, and he had heard her assertion with those greedy ears which men sometimes have for such telling. It was a comfort to him that there had been none; and when something uncomfortable came in his way, he immediately thought that she had deceived him. She must bear with all that now. It did not much matter, she assured herself, what he might think of her. But for the moment she could hardly endure to think of it, much less to talk of it. She did not know how to own to her mother that she was simply a jilt without offering anything in excuse. The truth must be told, but, oh, how bitter must the truth be! Even that accusation as to the lover had not been made till after she had resolved to reject him; and she could not bring herself to lie to her mother by pretending that the one had caused the other.

After lunch on the second day Maude Hippesley came down and found her amongst the trees in the shrubbery. It will be remembered that Maude was niece to Sir Francis, and was at the present time living in the same house with him. "Cecilia," she said, "what is this that has happened?"

"He has told you, then?"

"What is it? He has told us all that you have quarrelled, and now he has gone away."

"Thank God for that!"

"Yes, he has gone. But he told us only just as he went. And he has made a mystery of it, so that I do not know how it has happened, or why."

"Did I not tell you?"

"Yes, you told me something—something that made me think you mad. But it is he that has rejected you now."

"Has he told you that?"

"He has told us all so just as he was leaving us. After his things were packed up he told us." Cecilia stood still and looked into her friend's face. Maude she knew could say nothing to her that was not true. "He has made a mystery of it, but that has been the impression he has left upon us. At any rate, there has been a quarrel."

"Yes, there has been a quarrel."

"And now our only business is to make it up. It is impossible that two people who have loved each other as you have done should be allowed to part in so absurd a manner. It is like two children who think they are never to be friends again because of some momentary disagreement." Maude Hippesley, who had not lived in the same town with her lover, and therefore had never quarrelled with him, was awfully wise. "It is quite out of the question," she continued, "that this thing should go on. I don't think it matters in the least whether you quarrel with him or he with you. But of course you must make it up. And as you are the woman, it is only proper that you should begin."

How much had Cecilia to do before she could prove to her friend that no such beginning was possible! In the first place, there was the falsehood, the base falsehood, which Sir Francis had told. In order to save himself, he had declared that he had rejected her. It was very mean. At this moment its peculiar meanness made her feel doubly sure that the man was altogether unfitted to be her husband. But she would allow the false assertion to pass unnoticed. If he could find a comfort in that, let him have it. Perhaps upon the whole it would be better that some such story should go forth in Exeter. It could not be told by her, because it was untrue; but for the moment she thought that she might pass it by without notice. "There can be no fresh beginning," she said. "We two have already come to the end of all that is likely to take place between us. Dear Maude, pray do not trouble me. No doubt as time goes by we shall talk of it all again. But just at present, circumstanced as you are with him, nothing but silence between you and me can be fitting. I hope that you and I at any rate will never quarrel."

After that she told her mother and her two other friends. Her mother was for a week or two in despair. She endeavored by means of the family at the Deanery to bring about some reconciliation. The Dean, who did not in truth like his brother-in-law, and was a little afraid of him, altogether refused to interfere in the matter. Mrs. Hippesley was of opinion that the lovers would be sure to "come round" if left to themselves. Maude, who, though she had not liked her uncle, had thought much of his position, and had been proud of the idea that he should marry an Exeter girl, and her own peculiar friend, was in despair. But the Deanery collectively refused to take active steps in the matter. Mrs. Green was of opinion that Cecilia must have behaved badly. There had been some affair of pride in which she had declined to give way. According to Mrs. Green's ideas a woman could hardly yield too much to a man before marriage, so as to secure him, in order that her time for management might come afterward. With Miss Altifiorla, Cecilia found for a while more comfort; but even from this noted hater of the other sex the comfort was not exactly of the kind she wanted. Miss Altifiorla was of opinion that men on the whole are bad, but seemed to think that among men this baronet was not a bad specimen. He did not want a great deal of attention, and was fairly able to get about by himself without calling upon his future wife to be always with him. Then he had a title and an income and a house, and was, in short, one of those who are in a measure compelled to marry. Miss Altifiorla thought it a pity that the match should be broken off, but was quite ready to console her friend as to the misfortune.

There was one point as to which Cecilia was quite decided, and in this Miss Altifiorla bore her out altogether. That question of marriage was now settled once and forever. Cecilia, much in opposition to her friend's wishes, had tried her hand at it, and had failed. She had fallen grievously to the ground and had bruised herself dreadfully in making the attempt. It had perhaps been necessary, as Miss Altifiorla thought. It is not given to all to know their own strength as it had been given to her. They had often discussed these matters, and Miss Altifiorla had always been very firm. So had Cecilia been firm—but then she had given way, had broken down, had consented to regard herself as a mere woman, and no stronger than other women. She had given herself to a man in order that she might be the mother of his children and the head servant in his household. She had shown herself to be false for a moment to her great principles. But Providence had intervened. It may be surmised that Miss Altifiorla in discussing the matter with herself did not use the word Providence. Nor was it Chance. And as the rejection had come from the gentleman's hands—so Miss Altifiorla was taught to believe—she could not boast that Cecilia had accomplished it. But some mysterious agency had been at work which would not permit so exceptional a young lady as Miss Holt to fall into the common quagmire of marriage. She had escaped—thanks to the mysterious agency—and must be doubly, trebly armed with resolution lest she should stumble again. "I think," she said, one day, to Cecilia—"I think that you have great cause to be thankful that he should have repented of his bargain before it was too late."

Flesh is flesh after all, and human nature no stronger than human nature. Cecilia had consented to bear in silence the idea that she had been jilted, and had endured her mother's tender little sympathies on the subject. But there was a difficulty to her in suffering this direct statement from her friend. Why would not her friend let the matter be passed by in silence! "It is well," she said, "that we both repented."

Now the subject had been much discussed in Exeter, whether Sir Francis had jilted Miss Holt, or Miss Holt Sir Francis. It had been always present to Miss Hippesley's mind that her friend had told her of her intention at a time when she was quite sure that Sir Francis had no such notion in his head. And when, on the day but one following, she had told Cecilia of the statement which Sir Francis had made at the Deanery, Cecilia had not contradicted it, but had expressed her surprise. She therefore had resolved to decide the question against her uncle, and had given rise to the party who were on that side. But the outside world were strongly of opinion that Sir Francis had been the first offender. It was so much the more probable. Miss Altifiorla had always taken that side, and had spoken everywhere of him as the great sinner. Still, however, there was a doubt in her own mind, as to which she was desirous of receiving such solution as Cecilia could give her. She was determined now to push the question. "But," said she, "I suppose it originated with him? It is a great thing for us to feel that you have not been to blame at all in the matter."

"I have been to blame," said Cecilia.

"But how? The man comes here and proposes himself, and is accepted, and then breaks away from his engagement without reason and without excuse. It is a thing to be thankful for that he should have done so; but we have also to be thankful that the fault has not been on our side." Miss Altifiorla had almost brought herself to believe that the man had made love to her and proposed to her, that she in a moment of weakness had accepted him, and that she now had been luckily saved by his inconstancy.

"I think we will drop that part of the question," said Miss Holt, showing by her manner that she did not choose to be cross-questioned. "In such cases there is generally fault on both sides." Then there was nothing further said on the subject, but Miss Altifiorla pondered much over her friend's weakness in not being able to confess that she had been jilted.

All this had happened in the summer. During the gala days of the projected wedding, plans had been made, of course, for the honey-moon. Sir Francis and his bride were to go here and to go there, and poor Mrs. Holt had been fated to remain at home as though no arrangement had been necessary for her happiness. Indeed, none had been necessary. She was quite content to remain at Exeter, and expect such excitement as might come to her from letters from Lady Geraldine. To talk to everybody around her about Lady Geraldine would have sufficed for her. And when all these hopes were broken up, and it had been really decided that there should be no wedding, when it became apparent that Cecilia Holt was to remain as Cecilia Holt, still there was no autumn tour. Cecilia had declared that in no place would life be so quiet for her as at home. "Mamma," she had said, "let us prepare ourselves for what is to come. You and I mean to live together happily, and our life must be a home life." Then she applied herself specially to the flowers and the shrubs, and began even to look after the vegetables in the fullness of her energy. In these days she did not see much of her three friends. In August Maude was married, and became Mrs. Thorne. Mr. Thorne was the eldest son of a squire from Honiton, for whom things were to be made modestly comfortable during his father's life. Maude's coming marriage had not been counted as much during the days of her friend's high hopes, but had risen in consideration since the fall which had taken place. Between Miss Altifiorla and Cecilia there had come, not a quarrel, but a coolness. The two ladies did continue to see each other occasionally, but there was but little between them to console misery. Miss Altifiorla had attempted to resume her position of equality—unreasoned and imaginary equality—with perhaps a slight step in advance, to which, in their present circumstances, she was entitled by their age. Cecilia cared nothing for equality, but would not consent to be held to have lost anything. Though Miss Altifiorla declared that her friend had risen very highly in her sentiments, there was too evidently a depreciation in her manner; and this Cecilia could not endure. Consequently the two ladies were not at this period of much comfort one to the other. With Mrs. Green matters might have been different; but Mrs. Green too manifestly thought that Cecilia had been wrong, and still clung to the idea that with proper management the baronet might be made to come back again. With a lady holding such ideas as these there could be no sympathy.

In owning the truth it must be confessed that Cecilia at this period of her life was too self-conscious. She did not think, but felt, that the world all around her was suffused by a Holt-Geraldine aspect and flavor. She could not walk abroad without an idea that the people whom she saw were talking about her. She could not shut herself in her garden without a conviction that the passers-by were saying that the girl living there had been jilted by Sir Francis Geraldine. She had been well aware of the greatness of the position in which she was to have been placed; and though she had abandoned the situation without a doubt as soon as she had learned her mistake as to the man's character, still she felt the fall, and inwardly grieved over it. She had not known herself at first how grievous would be her isolation when she found herself alone. Such was the case with her now, so that she fretted and made herself ill. By degrees she confined herself more and more to the house, till her mother, seeing it, interfered. She became sick, captious, and querulous. The old family doctor interfered, and advised that she should be taken away from Exeter. "Forever?" asked Mrs. Holt. The doctor did not say forever. Mrs. Holt might probably be able to let the house for a year, and go elsewhere for that period. Then there arose questions as to all the pretty furniture and their household gods. Cecilia herself was most unwilling. But before Christmas came arrangements had been made, and the house was let, and the first of January saw Mrs. Holt and her daughter comfortably established in a pension at Nice. Mrs. Holt at any rate declared that she was comfortable, though Cecilia, on her mother's behalf, stated it to be impossible. She herself told herself—though she had whispered no word on the subject to living ears—she herself told herself that she had been driven abroad by the falsehood which Sir Francis had told. She could not bear to live in Exeter as the girl that had been jilted.

This is the episode in the life of Cecilia Holt which it is necessary should be first told.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE MYSTERIOUS MOLE.

The lore relating to *talpa* seems absolutely inexhaustible. A large volume might be written about the habits of this under-ground animal, every page telling of something strange. The more I observe, the greater grows my record of facts relating to it, many of them to me quite incomprehensible. As, for instance, I can not understand how the creature works its way through wet earth—mud it may be—proceeding at a pace faster than the most adroit spadesman can dig after it, and yet no morsel of the soil adhering to its smooth, velvety coat, which comes out of the ordeal clean as a new kid glove. I am aware of the usual explanation put forth, about its fur standing on end, or rather lying any way it may be stroked. The premises are right enough, but the conclusion seems a lame one. Such may account for the animal being able to go tail foremost along its subterranean galleries—as it does when these are too narrow for it to turn in—but that its fur should remain clean because reversible is quite a different matter, and, I think, calls for other explanation.

Again, how does the animal throw up its hills? In all that I have read of moles, I find no explanation of this; indeed, no attempt at one, zoological writers seeming shy of alluding to the subject, doubtless from inability to deal with it. Yet in all the unexplained actions of animal life I know none more puzzling, and few more mechanically interesting. Here we have a little round hole, less than two inches diameter, in the firm turf of a pasture field, through which a heap of under-ground earth, often a bushel measure of it, and at times even a barrowful, is thrown up in a single night. Nor is this all of the night's doings; half a dozen, or it may be a dozen, smaller ones seen near by at varying distances, the work of one mole between the two daylights.

Still it is not the wonderful exhibition of industry which perplexes; that were comprehensible enough. The puzzle is how the task is performed. For the heap is in most cases a regular cone, so obtuse as to approach hemispherical shape, and there are no tracks nor signs to show that the mole comes out upon the surface while raising it; instead, every evidence it does not. How, then, is the earth thrown up? It can not be by the animal's feet and claws, however well adapted these are, the fore ones especially, for burrowing. There seems but one way possible: that the mould is projected upward by the creature's snout, just as is done by pigs when "rooting." All the mole-catchers I have consulted agree in this being the *modus operandi*, and no doubt it is so, though still a puzzle.

There is yet another puzzle—as to whence comes the ejected earth. Some of it, of course, from the ground immediately underneath the vertical shaft; but it can not all come thence. A bushel, or even half a bushel, of loose mould could not be got from a bulk of the firmest packed soil scarce so big as a man's fist; and there is no larger cavity just below the orifice. It must, then, be brought along the horizontal passages—the "runs"; but how so? By pushing forward, or a series of backward scrapings? To these questions even the oldest *talparii* can not give satisfactory answers. I have spoken of hills where the tossed-up mould will quite fill a bushel; but there are exceptional ones of more than a barrowful. I have just measured one in a meadow near my house, of oblong form, to find the greater diameter four feet, the lesser three feet, and the vertical height or axis eighteen inches! On scattering this vast heap, I discovered that no less than eleven "runs" led away from it, radiating to every side. Still there was no nest nor cavity within; though this might have been made later on, as the heap was but recently raised, and no doubt intended for the family.

AUNT ANNIKY'S TEETH.

By SHERWOOD BONNER.

Aunt Anniky was an African dame fifty years old, and of an imposing presence. As a waffle-maker she possessed a gift beyond the common, but her unapproachable talent lay in the province of nursing. She seemed born for the benefit of sick people. She should have been painted with the apple of healing in her hand. For the rest, she was a funny, illiterate old darky, vain, affable, and neat as a pink.

On one occasion my mother had a dangerous illness. Aunt Anniky nursed her through it, giving herself no rest night nor day until her patient had come "back to de walks an' ways ob life," as she expressed the dear mother's recovery. My father, overjoyed and grateful, felt that we owed this result quite as much to Aunt Anniky as to our family doctor, so he announced his intention of making her a handsome present, and, like King Herod, left her free to choose what it should be. I shall never forget how Aunt Anniky looked as she stood there smiling and bowing, and bobbing the funniest little courtesies all the way down to the ground.

And you would never guess what it was the old woman asked for.

"Well, Mars' Charles," said she (she had been one of our old servants, and always called my father Mars' Charles), "to tell you de livin' trufe, my soul an' body is a-yearnin' fur a han'sum chany set o' teef."

"A set of teeth?" cried father, surprised enough; "and have you none left of your own?"

"I has gummed it fur a good many ye'rs," said Aunt Anniky, with a sigh; "but not wishin' ter be ongrateful ter my obligations, I owns ter havin' five nateral teef. But dey is po' sogers; dey shirks battle. One ob dem's got a little somethin' in it as lively as a speared worm, an' I tell you when anything teches it, hot or cold, it jest makes me *dance!* An' anudder is in my top jaw, an' ain't got no match fur it in de bottom one; an' one is broke off nearly to de root; an' de las' two is so yaller dat I's ashamed ter show 'em in company, an' so I lif's my turkey tail ter my mouf every time I laughs or speaks."

Father turned to mother with a musing air. "The curious student of humanity," he remarked, "traces resemblances where they are not obviously conspicuous. Now at the first blush one would not think of any common ground of meeting for our Aunt Anniky and the Empress Josephine. Yet that fine French lady introduced the fashion of handkerchiefs by continually raising delicate lace *mouchoirs* to her lips to hide her bad teeth. Aunt Anniky lifts her turkey tail! It really seems that human beings should be classed by *strata*, as if they were metals in the earth. Instead of dividing by nations, let us class by qualities. So we might find Turk, Jew, Christian, fashionable lady and washer-woman, master and slave, hanging together, like cats on a clothes-line, by some connecting cord of affinity—"

"In the mean time," said my mother, mildly, "Aunt Anniky is waiting to know if she is to have her teeth."

"Oh, surely, surely," cried father, coming out of the clouds with a start. "I am going to the village to-morrow, Anniky, in the spring wagon. I will take you with me, and we will see what the dentist can do for you."

"Bless yo' heart, Mars' Charles!" said the delighted Anniky; "you're jest as good as yo' blood an' yo' name, an' mo' I *couldn't* say."

The morrow came, and with it Aunt Anniky, gorgeously arrayed in a flaming red calico, a bandana handkerchief, and a string of carved yellow beads that glistened on her bosom like fresh buttercups on a hill-slope.

I had petitioned to go with the party, for, as we lived on a plantation, a visit to the village was something of an event.

A brisk drive soon brought us to the centre of "the Square." A glittering sign hung brazenly from a high window on its western side, bearing in raised black letters the name Doctor Alonzo Babb.

Dr. Babb was the dentist and the odd fish of our village. He beams in my memory as a big round man, with hair and smiles all over his face, who talked incessantly, and said things to make your blood run cold.

"Do you see this ring?" he said, as he bustled about, polishing his instruments, and making his preparations for the sacrifice of Aunt Anniky. He held up his right hand, on the forefinger of which glistened a ring the size of a dog-collar. "Now what d'ye s'pose that's made of?"

"Brass," suggested father, who was funny when not philosophical.

"*Brass!*" cried Dr. Babb, with a withering look: "it's virgin gold, that ring is. And where d'ye s'pose I found the gold?"

My father ran his hands into his pockets in a retrospective sort of way.

"In the mouths of my patients, every grain of it," said the dentist, with a perfectly diabolical smack of the lips: "old fillings—plugs, you know—that I saved, and had made up into this shape. Good deal of sentiment about such a ring as this."

"Sentiment of a mixed nature, I should say," murmured my father, with a grimace.

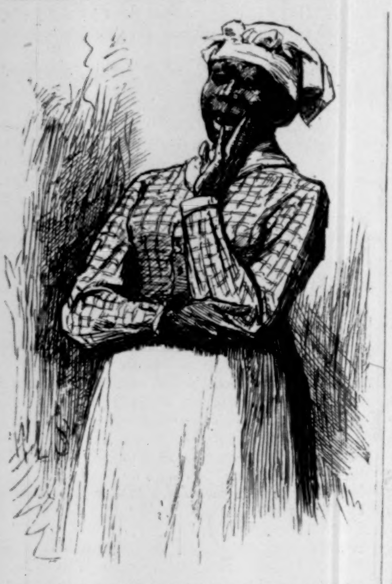
"Mixed?—rather! A speck here, a speck there. Sometimes an eye, oftener a jaw, occasionally a front. More than a hundred men, I s'pose, have helped in the cause."

"Law, doctor! you beats de birds, you does," cried Aunt Anniky, whose head was as flat as the floor where her reverence bump should have been; "you know how dey snatches de wool from every bush to make deir nests."

"Lots of company for me that ring is," said the doctor, ignoring the pertinent, or impertinent, interruption. "Often, as I sit in the twilight, I twirl it around and around, a-thinking of the wagon-loads of food it has masticated, the blood that has flowed over it, the groans that it has cost— Now, old lady, if you will sit just here—"

He motioned Aunt Anniky to the chair, into which she dropped in a limp sort of way, recovering herself immediately, however, and sitting bolt-upright in a rigid attitude of defiance. Some moments of persuasion were necessary before she could be induced to lean back and allow Dr. Babb's fingers on her nose while she breathed the laughing-gas; but once settled, the expression faded from her countenance almost as quickly as a magic-lantern picture vanishes. I watched her nervously, my attention divided between her vacant-looking face and a dreadful picture on the wall. It represented Dr. Babb himself minus the hair, but with double the number of smiles, standing by a patient from whose mouth he had apparently just extracted a huge molar that he held triumphantly in his forceps. A gray-haired old gentleman regarded the pair with benevolent interest. The photograph was entitled, "His First Tooth."

"Attracted by that picture?" said Dr. Alonzo, affably, his fingers on Aunt Anniky's pulse. "My par had that struck off the first time I ever got a tooth out. That's par with the gray hair and the benediction attitude. Tell you, he was proud of me! I had such an awful tussle with that tooth! Thought the old fellow's jaw was *bound* to break! But I got it out, and after that my par took me with him 'round the country—star-



"MY SOUL AN' BODY IS A-YEARNIN' FUR A HAN'SUM CHANY SET O' TEEF."

ring the provinces, you know—and I practiced on the natives."

By this time Aunt Anniky was well under the influence of the gas, and in an incredibly short space of time her five teeth were out. As she came to herself, I am sorry to say, she was rather silly, and quite mortified me by winking at Dr. Babb in the most confidential manner, and repeating over and over again, "Honey, yer ain't harf as smart as yer thinks yer is!"

After a few weeks of sore gums Aunt Anniky appeared radiant with her new teeth. The effect was certainly funny. In the first place, blackness itself was not so black as Aunt Anniky. She looked as if she had been dipped in ink and polished off with lamp-black. Her very eyes showed but the faintest rim of white. But those teeth were white enough to make up for everything. She had selected them herself, and the little ridiculous milk-white things were more fitted for the mouth of a Titania than for the great cavern in which Aunt Anniky's tongue moved and had its being. The gums above them were black, and when she spread her wide mouth in a laugh, it always reminded me of a piano lid opening suddenly and showing all the black and white ivories at a glance. Aunt Anniky laughed a good deal too, after getting her teeth in, and declared she had never been so happy in her life. It was observed, to her credit, that she put on no airs of pride, but was as sociable as ever, and made nothing of taking out her teeth and handing them around for inspection among her curious and admiring visitors. On that principle of human nature which glories in attracting attention to the weakest part, she delighted in tough meats, stale bread, green fruits, and all other eatables that test the biting quality of the teeth. But finally destruction came upon them in a way that no one could have foreseen.

Uncle Ned was an old colored man who lived alone in a cabin not very far from Aunt Anniky's, but very different from hers in point of cleanliness and order. In fact, Uncle Ned's wealth, apart from a little corn crop, consisted in a lot of fine young pigs that ran in and out of the house at all times, and were treated by their owner as tenderly as if they had been his children. One fine day the old man fell sick of a fever, and he sent in haste for Aunt Anniky to come and nurse him. He agreed to give her a pig in case she brought him through; should she fail to do so, she was to receive no pay. Well, Uncle Ned got well, and the next thing we heard was that he refused to pay the pig. My father was usually called on to settle all the disputes in the neighborhood; so one morning Anniky and Ned appeared before him, both looking very indignant.

"I'd jes like ter tell yer, Mars' Charles," began Uncle Ned, "ov de trick dis miser'ble ole nigger played on me."

"Go on, Ned," said my father, with a resigned air.

"Well, it war de fift' night o' de fever," said Uncle Ned, "an' I wuz a-tossin' an' a-moanin', an' ole Anniky jes lay back in her cheer an' snored as ef a dozen frogs wuz in her throat. I wuz a-perishin' an' a-burnin' wid thirst—an' I hollered to Anniky; but lor! I might as well 'a hollered to a tombstone! It wuz ice I wanted; an' I knowed dar wuz a glass somewhar on my table wid cracked ice in it. Lor! lor! how dry I wuz! I neber longed fur whiskey in my born days ez I panted fur dat ice. It wuz powerful dark, fur de grease wuz low in de lamp, an' de wick spluttered wid a dyin' flame. But I felt aroun', feeble like an' slow, till my fingers touched a glass. I pulled it to me, an' I run my han' in an' grabbed de ice, as I s'posed, an' flung it in my mouf, an' crunched an' crunched—"

Here there was an awful pause. Uncle Ned pointed his thumb at Anniky, looked wildly at my father, and said, in a hollow voice: "*It wuz Anniky's teef.*"

My father threw back his head and laughed as I had never heard him laugh. Mother from her sofa joined in. I was doubled up like a jackknife in the corner. But as for the principals in the affair, neither of their faces moved a muscle. They saw no joke. Aunt Anniky, in a dreadful, muffled, squashy sort of voice, took up the tale:

"Nexsh ting I knowed, Marsh Sharles, somebody's sheizin' me by de head, a-jammin' it up 'gin de wall, a-jawin' at me like de angel Gabriel at de rish ole sinners in de bad plashe—an' dar wash ole Ned a-spittin' like a black cat, an' a-howlin' so dreadful dat I tought he wash de debil; an' when I got de light, dar wash my beautiful chany teef a-flung aroun' like scattered seed-corn on de flo', an' Ned a-swarin' he'd have de law o' me."

"An' arter all dat," broke in Uncle Ned, "she purtends to lay a claim fur my pig. But I says no, sir; I don't pay nobody nothin' who's played me a trick like dat."

"Trick!" said Aunt Anniky, scornfully; "whar's de trick? Tink I wanted yer ter eat my teef? An' furdermo', Marsh Sharles, dar's jes dis about it. When dat night set in, dar warn't no mo' hope fur ole Ned dan fur a foundered sheep. Laws-a-mussy! dat's why I went ter sleep. I wanted ter hev strengt' ter put on his burial clo'es in de mornin'. But don' yer see, Marsh Sharles, dat when he got so mad, it brought on a sweat dat *broke de fever!* It saved him! But fur all dat, arter munchin' an' manglin' my chany teef, he has de imperdence of tryin' to 'prive me of de pig dat I honestly 'arned."

It was a hard case. Uncle Ned sat there a very image of injured dignity, while Aunt Anniky bound a red handkerchief around her mouth and fanned herself with her turkey tail.

"I am sure I don't know how to settle the matter," said father, helplessly. "Ned, I don't see but that you'll have to pay up."

"Neber, Mars' Charles—neber."

"Well, suppose you get married," suggested father, brilliantly; "that will unite your interests, you know."

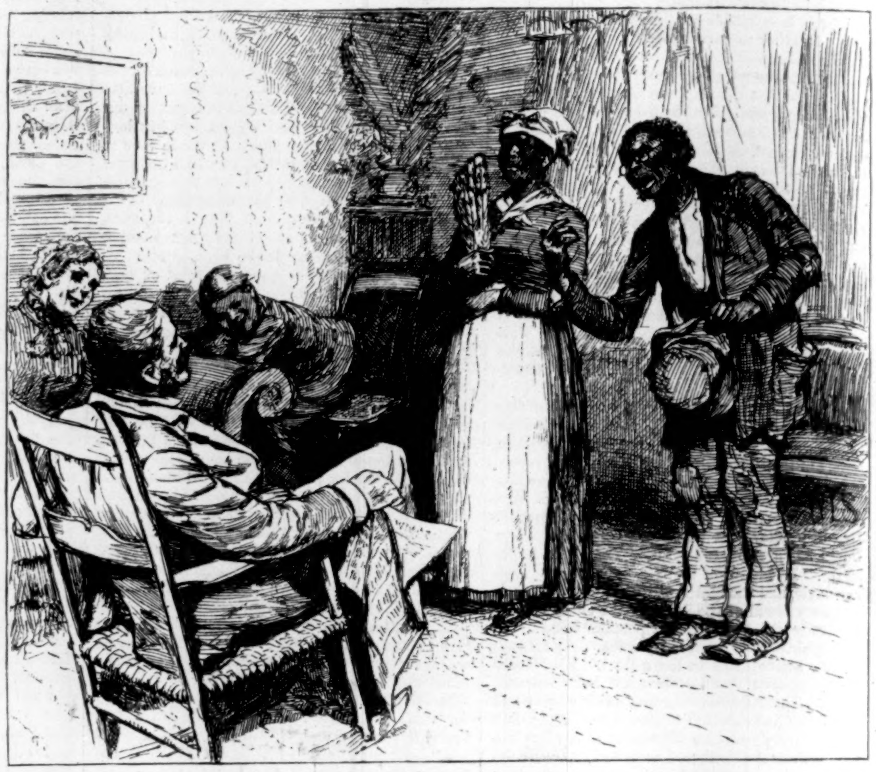
Aunt Anniky tossed her head. Uncle Ned was old, wizened, wrinkled as a raisin, but he eyed Anniky over with a supercilious gaze, and said, with dignity, "Ef I wanted ter marry, I could git a likely young gal."

All the four points of Anniky's turban shook with indignation. "Pay me fur dem chany teef!" she hissed.

Some visitors interrupted the dispute at this time, and the two old darkies went away.

A week later Uncle Ned appeared, with rather a sheepish look.

"Well, Mars' Charles," he said, "I's 'bout concluded dat I'll marry Anniky."



"IT WUZ ANNIKY'S TEEF."

"Ah! is that so?"

"'Pears like it's de onliest way I kin save my pigs," said Uncle Ned, with a sigh. "When she's married, she's boun' ter *'bey* me. Women, *'bey* your husban's; dat's what de good Book says."

"Yes, she will *bay* you, I don't doubt," said my father, making a pun that Uncle Ned could not appreciate.

"An' ef ever she opens her jaw ter me 'bout dem ar teef," he went on, "I'll *mash* her."

Uncle Ned tottered on his legs like an unscrewed fruit stand, and I had my own opinion as to his "mashing" Aunt Anniky. This opinion was confirmed the next day when my father offered her his congratulations. "You are old enough to know your own mind," he remarked.

"I's ole, maybe," said Anniky, "but so is a oak-tree, an' it's wigorous, I reckon. I's a purty wigorous sort o' growth myself, an' I reckon I'll have my own way wid Ned. I'm gwine ter fatten dem pigs o' his'n, an' you see ef I don't sell 'em nex' Christmas fur money 'nough ter git a new string o' chany teef."

"Look here, Anniky," said father, with a burst of generosity, "you and Ned will quarrel about those teeth till the day of doom; so I will make you a wedding present of another set, that you may begin married life in harmony."

Aunt Anniky expressed her gratitude. "An' *dis* time," she said, with sudden fury, "I sleeps wid 'em *in*."

The teeth were presented, and the wedding preparations began. The expectant bride went over to Ned's cabin and gave it such a clearing up as it had never had. But Ned did not seem happy. He devoted himself entirely to his pigs, and wandered about, looking more wizened every day. Finally he came to our gate and beckoned to me mysteriously.

"Come over to my house, honey," he whispered, "an' bring a pen an' ink an a piece o' paper wid yer. I wants you ter write me a letter."

I ran into the house for my little writing-desk, and followed Uncle Ned to his cabin.

"Now, honey," he said, after barring the door carefully, "don't you ax me no questions, but jes put down de words dat comes out o' my mouf on dat ar paper."

"Very well, Uncle Ned; go on."

"Anniky Hobbleston," he began, "dat weddin' ain't a-gwine ter come off. You cleans up too much ter suit me. I ain't used ter so much water splashin' aroun'. Dirt is warmin'. Spec' I'd freeze dis winter if you wuz here. An' you got too much tongue. Besides, I's got anodder wife over in Tipper. An' I ain't a-gwine ter marry. As fur havin' de law, I's a-leavin' dese parts, an' I takes de pigs wid me. Yer can't fin' *dem*, an' yer can't fin' *me*. *Fur I ain't a-gwine ter marry.* I wuz born a bachelor, an' a bachelor will I represent myself befo' de judgment seat. If you gives yer promise ter say no mo' 'bout dis marryin' business, p'raps I'll come back some day. So no mo' at present from your humble worshipper.
Ned Cuddy."

"Isn't that last part rather inconsistent?" said I, greatly amused.

"Yes, honey, if yer says so; an' it's kind o' soothin' to de feelin's of a woman, yer know."

I wrote it all down, and read it aloud to Uncle Ned.

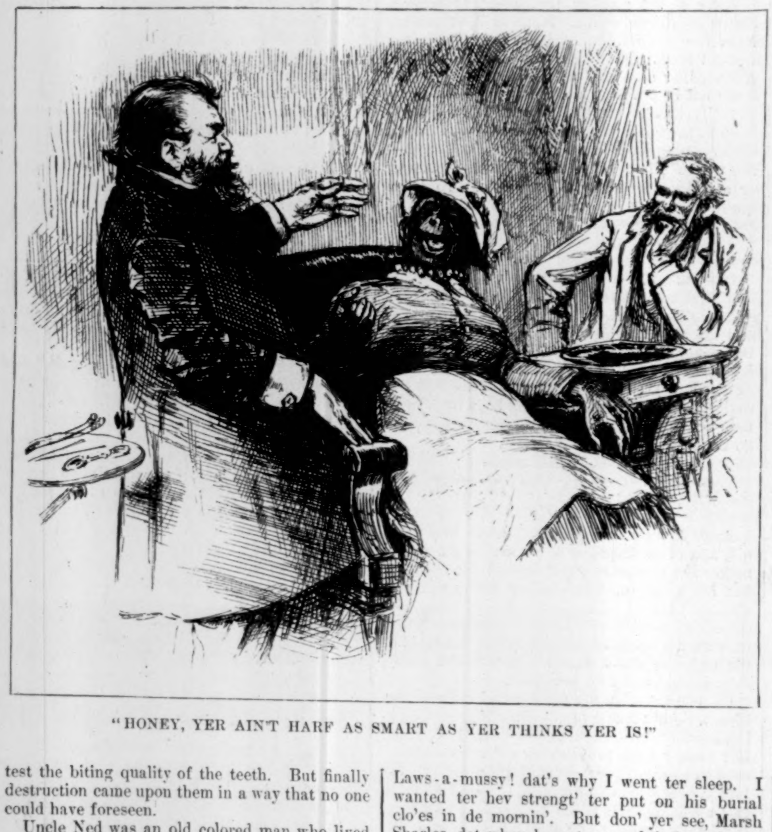
"Now, my chile," he said, "I'm a-gwine ter git on my mule soon as de moon rises ter-night, an' drive my pigs ter Col'water Gap, whar I'll stay an' fish. Soon as I'm well gone, you take dis letter ter Anniky, but *min'* yer don't tell whar I's gone. An' if she takes it all right, an' promises ter let me alone, you write me a letter, an' I'll git de fust Methodis' preacher I run across in de woods ter read it ter me. Den, ef it's all right, I'll come back an' weed yer flower gyardin fur yer as purty as preachin'."

I agreed to do all Uncle Ned asked, and we parted like conspirators. Sure enough, the next morning Uncle Ned was missing, and after waiting a reasonable time, I explained the matter to my parents, and went over with his letter to Aunt Anniky.

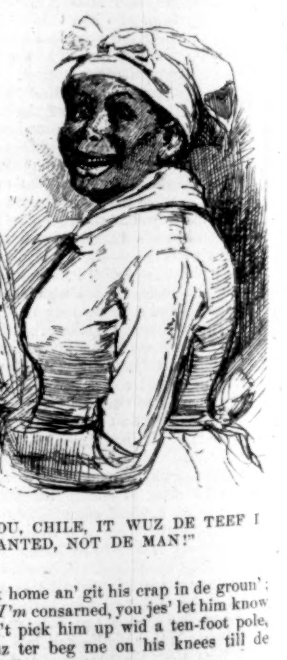
"Powers above!" was her only comment as I got through the remarkable epistle. Then, after a pause to collect her thoughts, she seized me by the shoulder, saying: "Run to yo' pappy, honey, quick, an' ax him if he's gwine ter stick ter his bargain 'bout de teef. Yer know he p'intedly said dey was a *weddin'* gif'."

Of course my father sent word that she must keep the teeth, and my mother added a message of sympathy, with a present of a pocket-handkerchief to dry Aunt Anniky's tears.

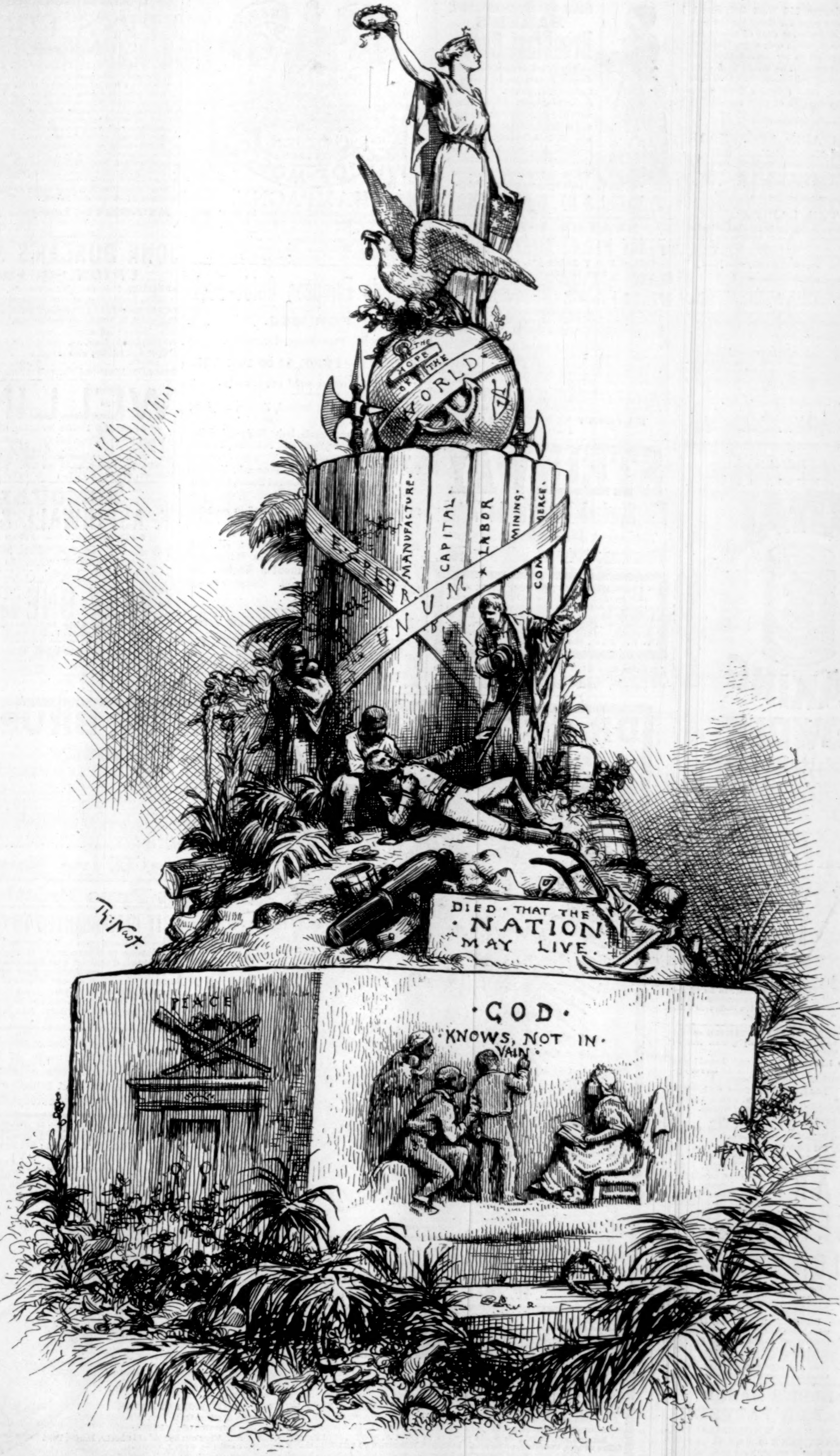
But "It's all right," said that sensible old soul, opening her piano lid with a cheerful laugh. "Bless you, chile, it wuz de teef I wanted, not de man! An', honey, you jes sen' word to dat shif'less ole nigger, ef you know whar he's gone, to come back home an' git his crap in de groun'; an' as fur as *I'm* consarned, you jes' let him know dat I wouldn't pick him up wid a ten-foot pole, not ef he wuz ter beg me on his knees till de millennial day."



"HONEY, YER AIN'T HARF AS SMART AS YER THINKS YER IS!"



"BLESS YOU, CHILE, IT WUZ DE TEEF I WANTED, NOT DE MAN!"


THE HOPE OF THE WORLD
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MANUFACTURE
CAPITAL
LABOR
MINING
COMMERCE
DIED THAT THE NATION MAY LIVE
PEACE
GOD KNOWS, NOT IN VAIN
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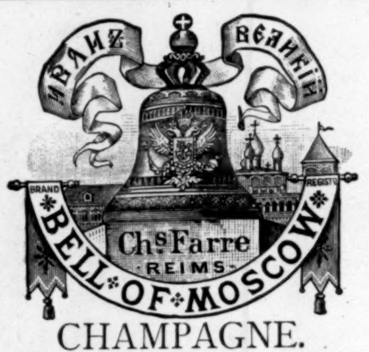

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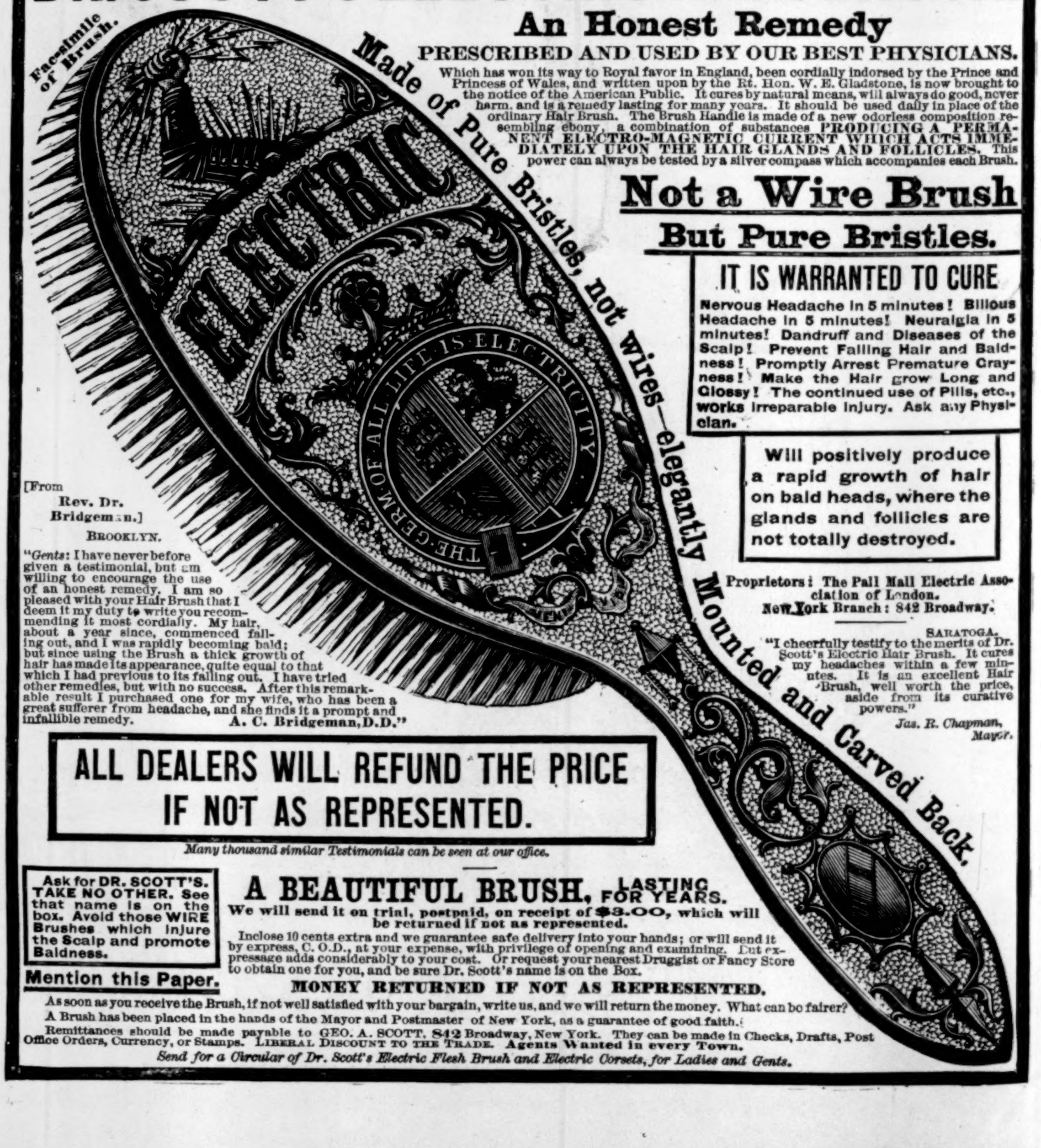
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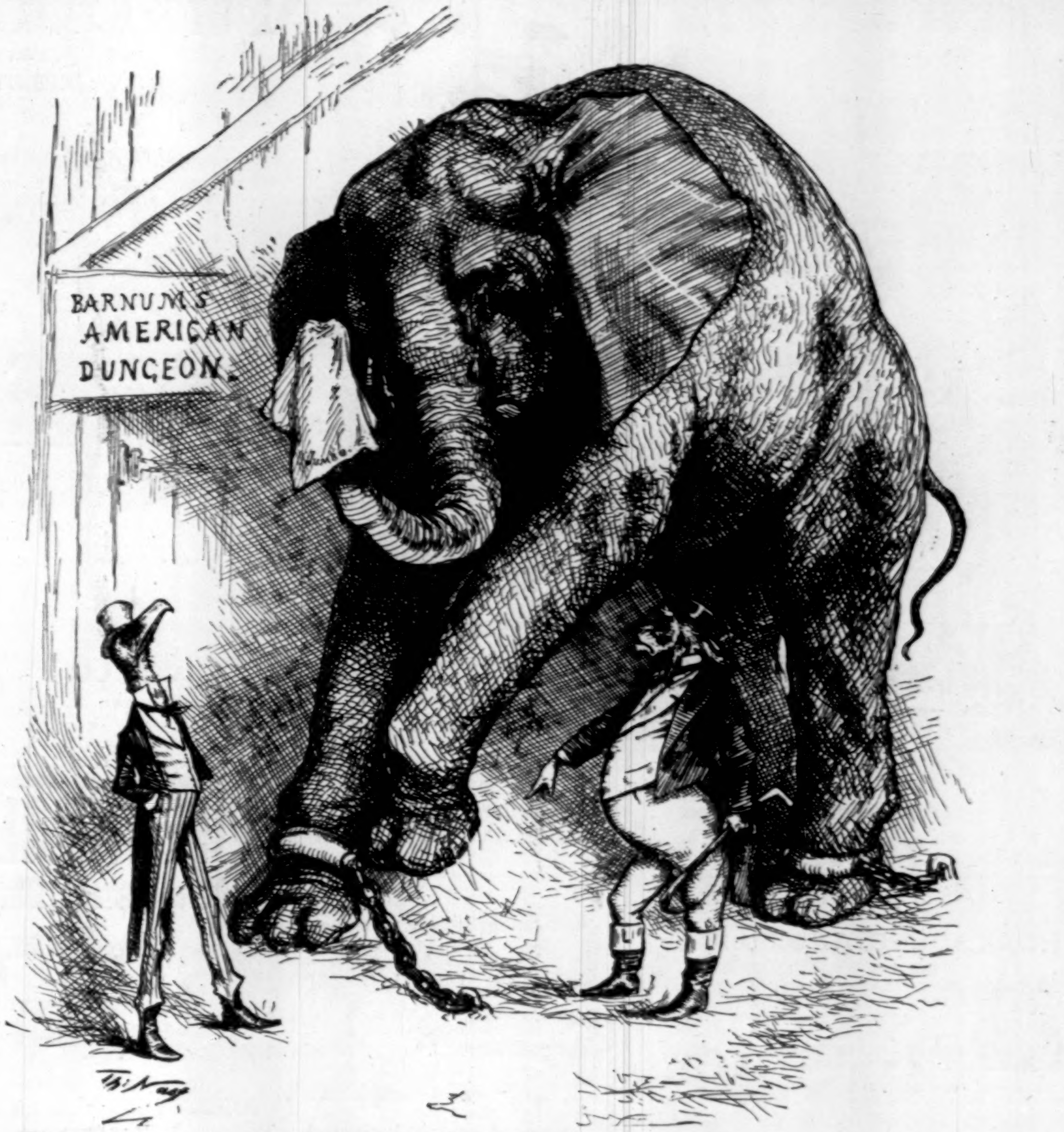

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